

It Is Not Too Late to Begin "The Story of a Woman's Heart."

The Daily Mirror

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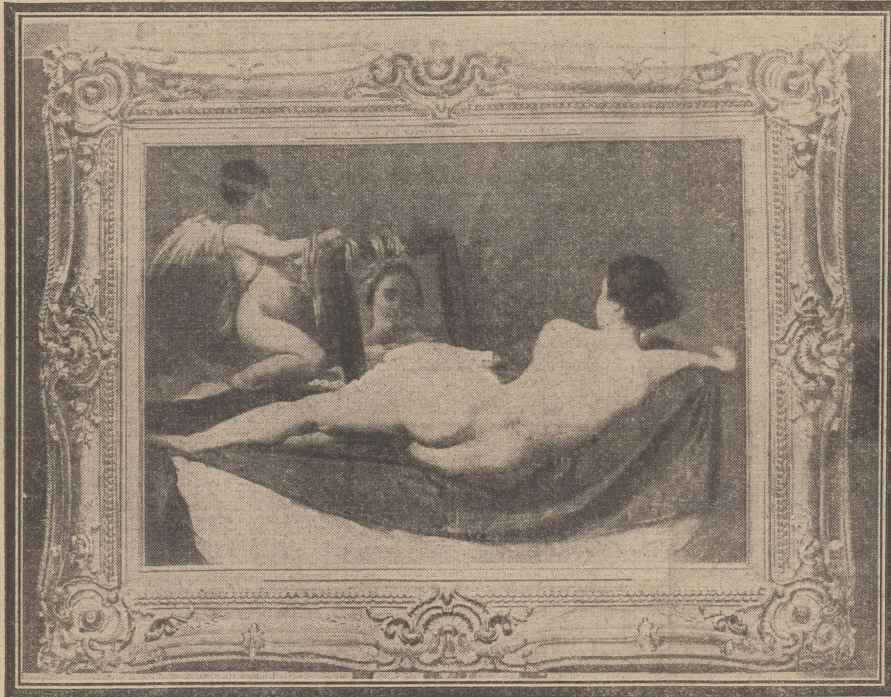
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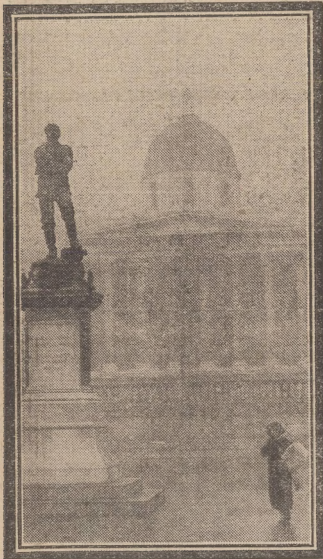
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1914

One Halfpenny.

SUFFRAGETTE'S "REASON" FOR SLASHING A FAMOUS VELASQUEZ WITH A CLEAVER.



The famous "Venus and Cupid," which was bought for the National Gallery for £45,000.



Exterior view of the Gallery, where so many art treasures are housed.



Lord Curzon, a trustee of the Gallery, talking to Pressmen, and a facsimile of the cleaver used by the woman.



Miss Richardson leaving the police-station for Bow-street. She was committed for trial.

"I have tried to destroy the picture of the most beautiful woman in mythological history as a protest against the Government for destroying Mrs. Pankhurst, who is the most beautiful character in modern history." This is the extraordinary statement of a

suffragette named Mary Richardson, who yesterday committed the crazy act of damaging Velasquez's famous "Venus and Cupid" with a cleaver. The picture, which is in the National Gallery, is the historical Rokeby Velasquez, and is almost priceless.



A Little Lunch with Yorkshire Relish

BY MRS. EMMELINE FORDE.

EVERYONE who tries Mrs. Forde's recipes for a light lunch will be delighted no less with their appetising savouriness than with their ease of preparation. There is no meal so pretentious that Yorkshire Relish will not improve it, no fare so humble that Yorkshire Relish will not make it attractive, a fact upon which Mrs. Forde and thousands of other clever cooks are heartily agreed.



Soups are much improved by the addition of Yorkshire Relish.

OXTAIL SOUP.

Cut up 1 oxtail, slice 3 onions, and cut 1 carrot and turnip into dice. Put from 2 to 4 ozs. of butter into a frying-pan, and as it melts stir in 4 ozs. flour; add vegetables and oxtail, and fry for about 10 minutes, then put all in a stew-pan with 2 quarts of water, and allow to simmer for 3 hours; add the seasoning, and when in the tureen stir in 1 or 2 spoonfuls of Yorkshire Relish.



A little Yorkshire Relish makes a wonderful difference with fish.

FISH PUDDING.

Take 1 lb. of cooked fish, finely flaked, and pound in a mortar with 4 ozs. of finely chopped suet. Add 2 ozs. of bread crumbs and 2 well-beaten eggs with a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, seasoning, and 1 gill of milk. When well mixed, put in a greased basin and boil or steam for 1 hour. Serve with a thick white sauce, to which has been added 2 spoonfuls of 'Yorkshire.'



Yorkshire Relish is delightful with all kinds of meat—hot or cold.

MINCED BEEF. (with poached eggs)

Mince finely 1 lb. of lean beef (or any cold meat you have), season well with pepper, salt and Yorkshire Relish, and allow to get thoroughly hot in a little good thick gravy, being careful not to let it boil. Pile on hot buttered toast, and serve with a ring of poached eggs.

But be sure that you get the Genuine—

Yorkshire Relish

Sold everywhere at 6d., 1/-, and 2/- per bottle.

'Good Things,' our 100-page Cookery Book, Free.

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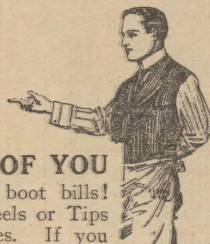


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In many varieties, and at various prices, from Boot-dealers everywhere. If you golf, try the "White Chief," a record Two-hillingsworth.



NEURITIS

Nerve Inflammation is the Sole Cause of

FOR FREE
SAMPLE
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NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, AND ALL NERVE PAINS

Esmolin EMBROCATION

contains the prescription of the first nerve specialist of the day to cure this inflammation. With instant relief from pain, it has proved a permanent remedy in cases where every other treatment has failed.

Esmolin restores the nerves and muscles to vigorous strength. It has proved an absolute remedy for

MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM

In nine cases out of ten muscular pain and stiffness is not due to Uric Acid at all, but to inflammation of the nerve, caused by muscular weakness or chill. If the sample relieves only slightly THIS IS YOUR CASE.

PROOF INDEED.

Mr. R. HARLEY LORD, the well-known Dental Authority, of Balsall Heath Birmingham, writes, Feb. 5, 1914:

"For over 3 years I have suffered excruciating agony through Neuritis; have been under 5 doctors. So helpless had I become that I had to give up my work, could not move without assistance. As a forlorn hope I tried Esmolin. I have had 5 bottles, and to-day I am attending to my business and haven't a single pain in any part of my body. When I commenced with your Esmolin I could not bear my body or leg to be touched. To-day I feel as well as ever I did in my life. I have recommended Esmolin to several of my patients. One lady suffering from painful knee; after 3 applications the knee was all right. Another was suffering from Rheumatism in left wrist, which incapacitated him from work; 2 rubbings shifted it. I am sure Esmolin is a godsend to sufferers."

Bottles 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d. All good chemists can obtain it without trouble if you order it, or from Esmolin Co., 29, High Holborn, London.

"Tis the Voice Itself."

The Diaphone

The best now in Gramophones.

All models horrid. Prices from 5 gns. to £25.

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Mr. Harry Lauder says: "Infinitely surpasses all other intentions for reproducing the human voice."

This Bedroom Handsomely and Completely Furnished for

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Comprising Massive Brass and Iron Bedstead, Wire Spring Mattress, Overlay Mattress, Bolster, Pillow, Toilet Chest of Drawers with Dressing Glass, Washstand, Chair, Towel Rail, Toilet Set, Brass Rail Fender, Art Bordered Rug.

Any quantity of new and second-hand furniture Supplied from 1/- Weekly

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DALSTON, 49 and 51, Bell's Pond Road.
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CAMDEN TOWN, 46, High Street.
HOLLOWAY, 142, Seven Sisters Road.
STOKES NEWINGTON, ROAD—171, 173, 175.
HARRINGAY, 3, Grand Parade.
TOTTENHAM, 758, High Road.
PALMER'S GREEN, 9, The Market.
WALTHAMSTOW, 235, 237, 239, High Street.
STRATFORD, 23, Broadway.
EAST HAM, Opposite Town Hall.
PECKHAM, 184-186, Rye Lane.
CROYDON, 14, Crown Hill.
FULHAM, 35, North End Road.
WALTHAM GREEN, Opposite St. John's Church.
BATTERSEA, 272 & 274, Battersea Park Rd.
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, Tyler's Avenue.

THE DISCOVERIES OF THE CENTURY. RADIUM v. CANCER.

EAUZEAT v. RHEUMATISM.

It is nothing less than extraordinary the number of people who are suffering at the present moment from rheumatism, gout, sciatica, and all uric acid troubles, and, what is worse, it seems that the epidemic is growing. The celebrated French rheumatic specialist, Dr. E. Hayem, of Paris, who was recently in England, was asked if in his country there was a similar epidemic, and he replied that science had discovered EAUZEAT, his compatriots were more or less free from rheumatism and uric acid troubles, except in the most acute cases of long standing; and these, he maintained, would eventually be conquered by the same means. For the benefit of those who are not aware of this simple cure one has only to make up the following prescription at home at little cost. Pour 5 table-spoonfuls of vinegar on to the yolk of a fresh egg and add 75 grammes of ordinary EAUZEAT, which you can obtain at your chemist. Mix these ingredients well together, pour a little of this mixture into the palm of your hand, and rub same lightly on to the place where the pain is felt. Repeat this treatment once or twice a day for a few days, and you will find that the pain will entirely disappear, thus constituting a permanent cure.—E. H., M.D.

If you have grey or discoloured hair which you wish to restore to the natural colour try the French colourless preparation, Juvenileau, the famous Continental hair restorer.—(Advt.)



Get the Glad Palate

The taste of ordinary toffee soon tires you; but the taste of Sharp's Kreemy Toffee is a delight of which you never tire. Such soft richness—such pure goodness—no wonder that grown-ups as well as children demand it.

Sharp's Kreemy Toffee

Kreemy Works, Maidstone.

NEWEST, PUREST & BEST OF ALL.

AIRMAN MAKES HIMSELF A NEW LEG.



M. Marcel Desoutter shaping the foot of his new cork and metal leg. It will weigh only 2lb., and he hopes, as the limb will be so light and flexible, that he will be able to take up flying again.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

FATAL ACCIDENT TO ARMY PILOT.



Captain Cyril Downer (Northamptonshire Regiment), who was killed in a flying accident on Salisbury Plain yesterday. He obtained his pilot's certificate after only eighteen days' tuition. He took part in the South African war.—(Flight.)

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S BROTHER.



Prince Waldemar, Queen Alexandra's only surviving brother, has come to England to visit his son, Prince Erik, who is learning farming in Gloucestershire. He is seen bidding farewell to the crew of the Fionia. The vessel, which is oil-driven, is seen in the lower picture.

MR. WHEELER'S RETURN.



Mr. W. A. Wheeler, who has just returned from Japan, at his home at Leicester. The published stories of his arrest and escape have been so contradictory that he intends to publish shortly a statement setting out the true facts. The small picture is of Mrs. Wheeler.

ANOTHER MURDER IN MEXICO?



Gustav Bauch, an American railway official, who was accused of being a Federal spy by the notorious General Villa, behind the barred gate of the prison at Jaurez. He has now mysteriously disappeared. General Villa was responsible for Mr. Benton's death.

SUFFRAGETTE SLASHES £45,000 VENUS.

Cleaver Attack on National Gallery's Velasquez.

£10,000 DAMAGE.

Cat and Mouse Prisoner's Strange Explanation—Jubilant Militants.

SEVEN CUTS IN CANVAS.

A suffragette, armed with a small cleaver, yesterday perpetrated in the National Gallery one of the most senseless and savage outrages achieved in the wild women's campaign.

The famous picture known as the "Rokeby Venus," painted by Velasquez, was the victim.

A woman standing in front of the picture about 11 a.m. suddenly produced a small cleaver, and, before she could be restrained, dashed forward with raised arm.

She succeeded in striking the picture several times, inflicting extensive damage. Seven cuts were made, and a piece as big as a half-crown was cut clean out of the canvas.

The woman was immediately arrested. She gave her name as Mary Richardson, a member of the Women's Social and Political Union, and one of the best-known of the cat-and-mouse prisoners.

Later in the day she appeared at Bow-street, and was committed for trial at the London Sessions, which begin on the 24th inst. Bail was refused.

The National Gallery was immediately closed to the public for the day.

Sir Charles Holroyd, the director, while admitting that the picture had suffered great damage, states that it was not irretrievably ruined. "The National Gallery," he said, "is not at present in London, but I hope we may be able to do something to put it all right."

The Wallace collection, it was announced last night, will be closed to the public until further notice. (Photographs on pages 1 and 2b.)

VENUS THAT COST £45,000.

The "Rokeby Venus," which is a brilliantly painted study of a Spanish model by Velasquez, was purchased for the nation in 1906 by the National Art Collection for £45,000.

It depicts the nude figure of a young girl lying full length on her side with her back to the spectator, and gazing into a mirror which is held before her by Cupid. The mirror reflects the face of the Venus.

It is painted in Velasquez's best manner, and is worthy of comparison with Titian.

The Venus was one of 100 picture treasures—including Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne," secured for the National Gallery with two other works in 1826 for an aggregate of £9,000—imported into England by that astute Scottish dealer, William Buchanan.

It was Buchanan who sold it for £500 in 1816 to Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby, where Sir Walter Scott, who dedicated to him the poem of "Rokeby," must have seen it on several of his visits.

LOST IN THE WARS.

The Venus was probably painted about the middle of the seventeenth century. It passed to Senor Godoy, the famous Spanish statesman who flourished during the troublous times of the Napoleonic wars, and was lost. It was next heard of when it came into the possession of Mr. Morritt. The Venus remained in the Morritt family until 1903, when it was sold under an order of the Court of Chancery for £20,000 to a famous firm of picture dealers. On the understanding that it should go to the National Gallery the picture was resold for £45,000.

The picture, which measures 49 1/2 in. by 69 1/2 in., was the subject of a sensational inquiry in 1910.

Mr. James Greig, the art critic, wrote an article alleging that he had found the initials "J. B. D. M." on the canvas, and interpreted these as belonging to Juan Baptista Del Mazo, the son-in-law of Velasquez.

But a majority of a committee of experts decided that the markings did not constitute a signature, and the Del Mazo theory was defeated.

"COMIC VALENTINE."

I should like to say I am amazed at a magistrate being willing to preside over this farce of trying me, as it is the tenth time I have been brought before the magistrate. You will surely see that Mr. McKenna has brought the criminal code to the status of a comic valentine.

This declared Mary Richardson, when charged later at Bow-street with damaging the picture.

Mr. Muskett, prosecuting, said the damage to the Rokeby Venus was estimated at about £10,000 to £15,000, though it was hoped that as the cuts were straight and clean, that the actual damage might be repaired by an outlay of £100 or so.

The woman, he said, was arrested with a cleaver in her hand and the slashes were inflicted on the most vital parts of the picture.

The cleaver, produced in court, was about a

foot in length with a black handle, the metal being about 8 in. long and 5 in. wide.

"I am not afraid of dying," the accused said in reply to the magistrate, "and Mr. McKenna is a coward. He cannot coerce me and he cannot let me serve my sentences."

"PICTURE OF MOST BEAUTIFUL."

The following remarkable statement was sent by Mary Richardson to the Women's Social and Political Union yesterday:—

I have tried to destroy the picture of the most beautiful woman in mythological history as a protest against the Government for destroying Mrs. Pankhurst, who is the most beautiful character in modern history. Justice is an element of beauty as much as colour and outline on canvas.

Mrs. Pankhurst seeks to procure justice for womankind, and for this she is being slowly murdered by a Government of Iscariot politicians.

What do the leading militant suffragists think of the outrage?

Mrs. Dacre Fox, one of the leading officials of the Women's Social and Political Union, told *The Daily Mirror*:

"It is another splendid protest. The Government must expect these sort of things to happen."

CLEAVER WOMAN'S RECORD.

Mary Richardson, the arrested woman, has been sentenced to several terms of imprisonment, several of which are not yet served. This is her record:—

Arrested on March 11, 1913 for breaking a window and sentenced to one month's imprisonment.

Arrested under "CAT AND MOUSE" ACT.

Sentenced July 3 to two months' hard labour for assaulting police at Bow and Bromley.

Released July 12.

Retrieved July 25.

Arrested on March 11, 1914 at London Pavilion, and remanded.

Remanded same day for breaking windows outside Holloway Prison, and sentenced to two months' hard labour.

Released August 3.

Retrieved August 9 at Colonial Office for breaking windows. Remanded without bail.

Released August 12.

Retrieved October 4 on suspicion of causing fire at Lady Carlisle's house at Hampton-on-Thames. Remanded without bail. Forcibly fed. Before her release was brought up on the old charge of breaking Colonial Office windows and sentenced to four months' imprisonment.

Released suffering from appendicitis, having been forcibly fed since October 4 to October 24.

On July 4 she threw a petition into the royal carriage when the King was at Bristol.

MRS. PANKHURST ON A STRETCHER.

The Scotch express was stopped specially twice yesterday by the police in order to transport Mrs. Pankhurst from Glasgow to Holloway Goal, where she arrived at 7.30 last night.

When Mrs. Pankhurst refused to leave her cell at Glasgow yesterday she was placed on a stretcher, carried to a motor-car and whisked off to a wayside Lanarkshire station.

Here the Scotch express was stopped for Mrs. Pankhurst and the detectives to embark.

At Euston, at 7.30 p.m., when the express was due, a large force of police, a motor-car and many suffragettes were waiting, but a special stop was made at London-road about 7.10 p.m.

Late last night a fire caused the destruction of large quantities of valuable material at the Nottingham Corporation farm at Bulcote, the damage amounting to many thousand pounds. The outbreak is believed to have been the work of suffragists.

A STROKE IN TIME.

An extraordinary accident befell Sir Edward Hutton, K.C.B., yesterday while returning to Foxhills, Chertsey, from a meet of the hounds.



Sir Edward Hutton.

As he was riding along a lonely road his horse shied, throwing him into a ditch, falling itself across the ditch, the narrowness of which saved Sir Edward from encountering the full weight of the horse. He was pinioned by one arm and a leg, but, with his free hand, he stroked the horse and kept it quiet until a man in charge of a motor delivery van came and released him.

On examination it was found that Sir Edward had sustained a broken tendon in the wrist.

Mr. Ernest Dresden, the well-known racehorse owner, who has died. During his career on the turf he won many races.

OBITUARY: DUKE'S SISTER-IN-LAW DEAD.



Mr. Ernest Dresden, the well-known racehorse owner, who has died. During his career on the turf he won many races.

MET ON MARGATE SANDS.

Nurse's Story in Woking Divorce Suit Petitions—"Brune" and "Derrick."

Visits to theatres and restaurants and a chance meeting on Margate sands were described yesterday at the resumed hearing, before Sir Samuel Evans, of the Woking divorce suit.

Mrs. Florence Knight is asking for the dissolution of her marriage on the ground of the alleged cruelty and misconduct of her husband, Mr. Sparks Knight, of Woking, who cross-charges his wife with misconduct with the co-respondent, Mr. Sidney Herbert Stretten, against whom damages are claimed. All the charges are denied.

Mrs. Knight was only seventeen when she was married in 1903. The misconduct alleged against the husband was with a nurse, Kathleen Hall.

Cross-examined as to his relations with Nurse Hall, Mr. Knight denied that he ever used the expression to Nurse Hall: "You are the only woman for me."

After medical evidence, Miss Kathleen Hall denied on oath the allegations against her.

She told how while at Margate with Mr. and Mrs. Knight (Mr. Knight was recovering from pneumonia) she and Mrs. Knight made the acquaintance of the co-respondent on the sands. He called Mrs. Knight Brune and she called him Derrick.

Mrs. Knight confided in witness that she met Mr. Stretten. Mrs. Knight would say "Good-night" to her husband, but would go out again.

On one occasion Mrs. Knight was away from her home for the day. When she returned she said she had been to Mr. Stretten's rooms in Wimpole-street to tea and afterwards to a restaurant in Soho to dinner.

When witness returned to London she admitted that Mr. Knight took her to see "The Glad Eye" and "Drake," and to dinner at Frascati's.

Counsel: When was it you say you heard Mrs. Knight and co-respondent furiously kissing?—The Judge: Apparently kissing under an umbrella.

The hearing was adjourned.

(Photograph on page 1b.)

THE PRICE OF 'THE TIMES.'

Great Newspaper To Be Sold for a Penny From Monday Next.

In view of the grave importance of the present political situation, it has been decided that on and after Monday next *The Times* newspaper complete, including the Financial Section, shall be sold at one penny per copy in Great Britain, Ireland, and at three pence per copy on the Continent.

So runs an announcement issued last night, marking another fall in the price of the great newspaper. The following table shows the price of *The Times* at different stages of its career.

July 1, 1798	4d.	Sept. 15, 1836	5d.
Jan. 1, 1799	6d.	July 1, 1885	4d.
Sept. 22, 1809	6 1/2d.	Oct. 1, 1891	4d.
Jan. 1, 1816	7d.	May 5, 1913	2d.

A reduction to 2d. was first made in February, 1911, but for the benefit only of regular subscribers. The casual buyer had still to pay 3d. for his copy until in May, 1913, 2d. was fixed as the price for everybody.

In reply to inquiries yesterday, the publisher of *The Times* said that the reduction in the price of the journal was contemplated many years ago, but mechanical inventions have only now reached the stage when it is possible to issue the complete Times on the present superb paper at 1d. per copy.

THAMES IN FLOOD—COLD GREATER

The Thames has overrun its banks at Chertsey, Shepperton and other points owing to the recent heavy rains, and as yesterday the water was still rising serious floods are feared. In forty-eight hours the river has risen four feet on the gauge at Chertsey Lock.

Watercourses in the valley of the Lea have also overflowed, and in one district near Waltham Abbey owing to the floods children had to be taken home from school in carts.

The cold snap gripped the country tighter yesterday. In the south of Scotland 14deg. of frost were registered, and snowstorms visited Derbyshire and Lincolnshire. Generally it was the coldest day so late in the season for three years. The temperatures recorded in London were:—9 a.m., 37deg.; 2 p.m., 45deg.; 6 p.m., 40deg.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE IN CRITICS' BATTLE.

Biting Reply to Charge of Making "Gross Personal Attacks."

MR. F. E. SMITH'S RETORT.

Mr. Lloyd George, in his best fighting form, was the storm centre of a dramatic scene last night in the House of Commons.

Hot, biting words of recrimination were freely exchanged during an extraordinary debate initiated by Sir John Randles, who moved:—

That this House contemplates with great regret the alleged inaccuracies of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his gross and unfounded personal attacks upon individuals.

Sir John, who a few months ago recaptured North-West Manchester for the Unionists, had scarcely uttered his first sentence when the Chancellor, amid a storm of cheering, entered and took his seat on the Treasury bench.

Among the Chancellor's statements to which Sir John and other Unionists took exception were the following:—

That the Duke of Montrose extorted a huge inflated price for the land sold to the Glasgow Corporation.

That the Duke of Sutherland and other Scottish landlords have put hundreds of thousands of acres of land out of cultivation.

That the Duke of Westminster squandered an enormous profit out of Mr. Goring's for the renewal of his lease.

"RIDICULE AND CONTEMPT."

Mr. Felix Cassel, a young Unionist K.C., in seconding the resolution, said the truth was that the Chancellor had such an animus against landlords that he was ready without investigation to take any mere rumour ready to his hand. It would only have the effect of damaging them.

Mr. Lloyd George, rising to reply, soon showed that he was ready for battle.

Argument, invective, scorn and mordant wit came in one swift stream.

Not a single statement in any of the speeches he had made on the rural question had, said the Chancellor, been challenged.

Mr. Rupert Gwynne: The peasant and the wren. Mr. Lloyd George: Not a single word has been said to-night about my statements about the depredations of game.

He threw a gibe at Mr. F. E. Smith, who was to follow him.

"I congratulate the leader of the Opposition," he cried. "The race to which he belongs has been charged with not possessing humour."

"Even if I had any doubt about it I have none now—I have seen the name of the gentleman he has chosen to rebuke me on behalf of the Front Bench for indulging in personal attacks."

Liberals laughed delightedly at the thrust at Mr. Smith, who lolled on the Opposition Bench taking notes.

"When I hear the Chancellor in his ecstatic platform mood," said Mr. F. E. Smith in reply, "he reminds me of the poem in the 'Ingoldsby Legends' called 'The Vulgar Little Boy.' (Roars of laughter.)

"Some day," closed Mr. Smith, "the Chancellor might be gathered to his fathers." "Oh!" cried the Radicals. "He could dominate on his monument—probably of brass—a borrowed epitaph:—"

He ennobled public controversy. He never debated it. He rather dignified high office than was dignified by it. And though he might have been a demagogue, he preferred to be a statesman.

On a division the motion was defeated by 304 to 240.

NO MORE "BLIND ALLEY" SOLDIERS

A new way of popularising the Army is contemplated by the Government—an attempt is to be made to secure certainty of employment for ex-soldiers.

In announcing in the House of Commons last night the appointment of a committee, of which Sir Matthew Nathan will be the chairman, Colonel Seely declared that one reason for the shortage of recruits was that the Army was a blind-alley occupation.

LAUGHED AT DEATH.

Why do theatrical audiences giggle at death? "Kismet" was revived last night at the Globe Theatre, and the audience once again sat enraptured by the perfume of its atmosphere and all the glowing phantasies of its wonderful Eastern colouring.

Then we came to that terrible murder scene in the prison cell—the scene in which the strangles his enemy and kicks and buffets the dead body. How the audience giggled! Many women in the stalls laughed out shrilly. Has death become a comic thing to stoical modern audiences, or is laughter an expression of shaken nerves?

The spell of "Kismet" stole over our imaginations like music. It is all so ancient, so remote, and yet so marvellously fresh. Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton had a great welcome back to London.

THE QUEEN ON A ROOF.

The Queen spent a few minutes on the roof of the London Day Training College, Southampton-row, yesterday afternoon to admire the fine view of London to be got there.

Accompanied by Lady Mary Trefusis, her Majesty paid a surprise visit to the college at a quarter to three, and remained about an hour, visiting all the class-rooms under the guidance of Professor John Adams, the principal of the college.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is—Gusty winds from between the south-west and north-west; squalls of rain, hail and snow, with bright intervals; cold.

Lighting-up time: 6.54 p.m. High-water at London Bridge: 1.36 p.m.

LONDON.—OBSERVATIONS. Holborn-circus. City, 8 a.m.: Barometer, 30.278 in. rising; temperature, 40deg.; wind, W. gusty at times; weather, fine to showery; hail at intervals.

Sea passage will be moderate.



Lord Morley.

travelling to town yesterday morning entered at Earl's Court Station an old gentleman wearing a blue woollen muffler and fur-lined gloves. He took a corner seat, and spent his time in reading the advertisements that decorated the sides and roof of the carriage.

I think every other man in that crowded carriage was reading eagerly the news of the Home Rule debate in 'his morning paper.

At Victoria the old gentleman left the train; nobody but I seemed to have noticed him. He was Lord Morley—the John Morley of a hundred Home Rule fights, who twenty years ago would have been hissed or cheered had he appeared in a public place on the morning after so historic a parliamentary event.

The Irish Way.

Here is an Irishman's view of the latest Irish problem. "What a pity it is for the Unionists," said Mr. Martin O'Connor, the barrister, yesterday, "that Sir Edward Carson did not accept Mr. Asquith's proposals. Then Mr. Redmond would have had to reject them or else take a police escort with him the next time he went to Dublin."

Winston Sets a Fashion.

I learn from New York that the First Lord of the Admiralty's flat-topped bowler is now "the very latest thing" for Americans, and that they are wearing them everywhere; from New York to San Francisco.

Broke Their Oldest Tradition.

Mrs. Neville Lytton, who was Miss Judith Blunt and is now the wife of Lord Lytton's brother, has caused a terrible do-in to staid Philadelphia. She has violated the traditions of years by playing in the courts of that city's most exclusive of men's clubs, the Racquet Club.

Mrs. Lytton, like her husband, is an expert racquets player. She is staying in Philadelphia to see the championship match which is to be played next week between Mr. Jay Gould and George Covey, the professional champion, and some of the members of the Racquet Club invited her to play there.

Civil War Started.

Mrs. Lytton won her match, but she has started civil war within the walls of the club, whose most cherished tradition was its irrevocable ban against women entering its precincts.

According to a Philadelphia paper which tells me these things, Mrs. Lytton is delighted with her experience, though she didn't know when she played that she was the first woman to grace the Racquet Club's courts.

As well as playing racquets, Mrs. Lytton has published several books. One of them, "Toy Dogs and Their Ancestors," is already a standard work.



Mrs. Neville Lytton.

AIRMAN'S HOME-MADE LEG

Lost Limb To Be Replaced by One of Special Metal—Flying Officer Killed.

Although he has only one leg, M. Marcel Desoutter, the plucky young French airman, is determined to fly again.

To this end he is just now engaged in making himself a false leg which will allow him to move about easily and lightly, and so enhance his chances of flying again with any success.

His left leg had to be amputated in order to save his life after his accident while flying at Hendon last March.

To fly is still his passion—to pilot his own machine—he said when *The Daily Mirror* found him at home yesterday working patiently on his new leg.

"The wooden leg I am wearing now is much too heavy; it weighs six pounds. I find I cannot get one anywhere under five pounds in weight."

"But the one I am making myself will weigh only two pounds."

"I am making it of a wonderful new metal, not one I met through a friend in Germany. It is nearly as hard as steel and as light as aluminium."

"My new leg will be an exact replica of the one I have lost."

"It will be finished soon, and I hope to be flying at Hendon in April."

While flying in a biplane yesterday at the Central Flying School on Salisbury Plain, Captain Cyril P. Downer, of the Northampton Regiment, fell with his machine from a height of about 200ft. and was killed. (Photographs on page 3.)

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

Unrecognised.

Into a crowded Underground carriage in which I was

\$2,250 a Year for a Picture.

I have a friend who always thinks of events in money. His view of the Robey Venus outrage he expresses in thousands sterling. "No doubt it's a very beautiful picture," he said, "but is it worth \$2,250 a year?" I looked worried.

"That's what it costs us," he continued; "\$25,000 was its price. That at 5 per cent. would have brought in \$2,250 a year for the nation, so that's what the picture costs us. We've owned it eight years, and have lost £18,000 on it already."

"Now, have you ever thought how much capital we lock up in art galleries? It's enough to—" But I had heard enough. I fled.

Banned.

Miss Janet Alexander and her husband, Mr. Lauderdale Maitland, who are playing in the revival of "The Ever Open Door" at the Aldwych next week, figured some years ago as the subject of a banned poster.

This picture, taken of them in a former play, "The Apple of Eden," was used for poster purposes when the play was on tour.

In nearly every town where the poster was displayed, the authorities were so shocked that they caused the offending picture to be obliterated by pasting over it sheets of blank paper.

Eye on the Stage.

Mr. Walter Stevens writes to tell me that after past refusals the Lord Chamberlain has agreed to license his adaptation of Milton's "Paradise Lost" for the stage. One condition of the licence, however, is "that the costumes of Adam and Eve before the fall should be such to which nobody could take exception."

A Hair's Breadth Escape.

The revival of "Kismet" at the Globe last night came near to being indefinitely postponed.

On Monday night at the dress rehearsal a weighty piece of wood fell suddenly from the flies, shaved past Mr. Oscar Asche's head and struck the stage with great force. Another half-inch and Mr. Asche would have been most seriously injured.

A Varied Experience.

If experience is the only qualification for a successful novelist, Mr. F. Dormer Jordan, whose novel, "Heirs of the Ages," is published by Nisbets to-day, should be a huge success. He told me yesterday he had been sailor, actor, journalist, pianist, telegraphist, secretary, clerk.

And—he is proudest of this achievement—he never wears a hat or a waistcoat or an overcoat, and cannot remember when last he had a cold.

It Worked.

Evidently novelty pays in the bill collecting art; one firm of hosiers is trying it, anyhow. "This week I received an overdue account for socks and ties and things. Beneath the alas! too familiar phrase, 'To account rendered' was printed a large red hand with index finger extended, pointing to the words, also printed in red, 'If you please.'"

I couldn't resist the bright appeal, the bill is paid.

The Unsatisfactory Taxi.

In Monday night's rain I endured all the many iniquities of the taxicab. It really is time something were done to make these vehicles more comfortable.

I travelled in four different types of taxis, and these are some of the nuisances I suffered.—Doors that wouldn't open, doors that wouldn't shut, darkness inside the cab, taximeters that were fixed at such an angle that made them unreadable, unlighted meter-dials, two leaking roofs, bad springs, windows that wouldn't open or shut and always rattled.

Also a stuffy atmosphere, and lack of communication with the driver save by a most repulsive-looking speaking tube.

In fact, the only generally satisfactory thing about the London taxi is its driver. He is, with very few exceptions, a civil, obliging and honest fellow.

Hates Black Ties.

It is not only in Heidelberg that the great black v. white tie problem rages. I met a man yesterday who is burning to start a crusade against black ties with any form of evening dress.

He objects to the effect of the black tie, which, he says, is sufficient to make any man look like an undertaker's mute. "I have always refused to wear a dinner jacket for that reason," he said.

"The only thing that makes the black tie popular," he added, "is that it is cheap. It saves laundry bills. Black ties don't have to be washed."

What do my most correctly dressed men readers think of these sentiments?

Cooked on the Table.

I hear that a new restaurant is to be opened in the West End, where you can have special dishes cooked on your table. When I was last in New York I had many dishes so cooked. They were chiefly of fish, oysters, lobster and Welsh rabbits.

One lobster dish, cooked in a silver chafing dish, had the famous Newburg sauce. Another dish prepared on the table was of oyster crabs, a tiny crab about the size of a threepenny-piece, that lives in the oyster's shell. Both lobster à la Newburg and oyster crabs were very popular—and expensive!



The banned picture of Miss Janet Alexander and her husband, Mr. Lauderdale Maitland.



To-day's Grumble.

I asked Mr. Alfred de Rothschild for a grumble for my collection. He hesitated, admitting it was "no easy task." The best grumble I could get from him was a grumble against grumblers. "Mr. Alfred" is a contented optimist.

He said my request reminded him of the story of the German who complained of the weather to a friend.

"It's better than no weather at all," was the only sympathy he could get.

"I really think people generally have little cause to grumble," continued Mr. Rothschild. "People exaggerate little ills and woes."

And that was his only grievance. Wealth, it seems, does not always breed discontent.

Acting in Asylums.

Miss Ivy Williams, who made such a great success with Mr. Charles Hawtree in "A Little Fowl Play," is playing the piece this week to three different asylums.

Toole used to relate a story of how he played a farce to an audience of lunatics once and did not gain a single laugh all the evening. The audience sat in stolid silence.

When the curtain rose on the actors after the play someone at last gave a wild shriek of laughter. Toole said the experience quite unnerved him.

Our Bedroom Drama.

They were looking into a furniture shop window in Oxford-street; and the window was "dressed" like a most luxurious bedroom. The coverlet was turned down, an imitation fire glowed in the grate, and the room was softly suffused with rose-pink electric light.

One of the spectators eyed the scene admiringly for a while, then said: "Why, it's just like a scene in a play."

Hamlet in Colours.

Mr. Matheson Lang, who is still making himself successfully ugly at night to take the part of the terrible Mr. Wu, tells of an amusing experience he had in India when playing Hamlet.

During the performance the company was astonished to find that the limelight man was pouring coloured light on to the stage. One moment the colour was blue, the next red, and the next green.

To Keep Them Awake.

The stage manager expostulated, but to no purpose. The coloured lights kept playing upon the stage, and Hamlet delivered his soliloquies with kaleidoscopic effects. The explanation, like most explanations, was simple. In India it is the custom in native places where there is a long and wordy scene to put varied and vivid coloured lights upon the actors in order to keep the audience awake!

THE RAMBLER.



Mr. Matheson Lang.

SAVED BY LANDLADY.

Witness in Starchfield Case Found with Gas Tubing in His Mouth.

There was a further sensation in connection with the Starchfield case when one of the witnesses, John Moore, was yesterday morning found unconscious in his room in Tolmer's-square, Hampstead-road. He is now in the London Temperance Hospital suffering from gas poisoning.

Moore is the witness in the train murder case who at Old-street Police Court on February 9 told his story of having seen Starchfield, whom he said he knew, outside Camden Town Tube Station on January 8, the day of the murder, with a little boy whom he subsequently identified from a photograph as the murdered child.

Moore's visit to John Bull offices to make a statement led to a close cross-examination.

It appears that Moore, who occupied a room in the basement of the house, told his landlady on the previous night not to call him until half-past ten yesterday.

The woman, who went to clean the house, failing to get any answer to her knock at the door, opened it and then found Moore lying on the bed unconscious.

There was a strong smell of gas in the room while a piece of india-rubber gas tubing was fixed to a bracket, the other end being in his mouth. Moore, it was stated later in the day, was not in a serious condition and was going on satisfactorily.

ASKING FOR TROUBLE.

Women Who Court Pneumonia by Wearing Thin Shoes in Wet Weather.

"Why do not women wear boots suitable for the weather?" writes a correspondent to *The Daily Mirror*. "During the last few days of bad weather I have noticed that women are still wearing low shoes and transparent stockings."

From observation *The Daily Mirror* found that the correspondent's words were true. "Men would die of pneumonia if they dressed as carelessly as women," said a doctor in the West End of London.

Lighter shoes than ever are being worn by women this season. There is a return to the Louis heel and shoe soles get thinner and thinner.

The newest walking shoes show a good deal of the stocking, but they have a very wide strap, from an inch to an inch and a half in width, which really fastens round the ankle.

Women do not at a rule pay as much money for their boots as men. *The Daily Mirror* found, and when women pay high prices for shoes they are generally of the decorative rather than the useful style. The average sensible woman spends about 16s. 6d. on a pair of shoes.

A really water-tight boot for women costs £2 10s. Such a one is made by a Piccadilly firm. It has a special waterproof substance between the lining and the leather.

Women are courting pneumonia this winter also by the reckless exposure of their chests to the bleak winds.

PILGRIM WIDOWS' MITES.

Arrest of Five High Priests on Charges of Embezzling Temple Funds.

Five high priests are under arrest, charged with embezzling funds belonging to the Honganji Temple at Kyoto, Japan.

The officials, says Reuter, belong to the West Honganji (Buddhist) pontificate. It is alleged that those in charge of the funds, which are made up of "widows' mites," collected for religious and charitable purposes, have spent large sums of money on personal luxuries and in speculations.

Some of the priests arrested being the immediate subordinates of Lord Abbot Count Kozui Otani, the head of the denomination, a section of the Japanese Press is laying grave accusation at the door of his Grace, who is a brother-in-law of the Empress of Japan.

A characteristic instance illustrative of the popular enthusiasm for the Honganji occurred when pilgrims visited the Kyoto Temple.

A policeman found an old countrywoman lying asleep at a street corner. She explained that she was sleeping in the open because she had no money to secure a shelter.

On the policeman finding a £1 note on her, she said she could not and would not spend that money for her comfort. She wanted to contribute the money to the temple funds.

For years she had denied herself all comforts in order to save money to join a pilgrimage to the temple and to contribute her mite to the sacred funds.



However Rich or Poor Baby's Parents may be

home will be a cosier, homelier, happier place for baby's coming—if you can only manage to keep him healthy and strong. It can be done. It is mostly a question of keeping him warm and of giving him a food that will properly satisfy the demands of his rapidly-growing little body.

The first you can easily do, and with the second you cannot do better than be guided by the experience of Doctors and Infant Specialists who have devoted years to close and patient study of what is best for baby.

Baby's natural food is his mother's milk, and no other food can possibly be quite so perfectly adapted to baby's needs—that is why every mother will feed her baby at the breast as much as she possibly can. And Glaxo helps her to do this.

For, with many a mother who would like to feed baby it happens that the breast milk is not rich or plentiful enough. In such a case the mother herself should take a cup or two of Glaxo daily. Or if she finds the strain of continuous breast-feeding too great, baby can have Glaxo in turn with the breast without risk of digestive disturbance.

If the mother cannot feed baby at all she will be guided by the experience and judgment of Infant Specialists, and rear him from birth on Glaxo, the Food that Builds Bonnie Babies.

Glaxo is persistently used by many Municipal Health Corporations throughout the country and one alone since July 1908 has purchased the enormous quantity of 67,502 lbs. of Glaxo, as follows:—

In 1908	830 lbs.
In 1909	9,600 lbs.
In 1910	10,512 lbs.
In 1911	13,104 lbs.
In 1912	17,856 lbs.
In 1913	21,600 lbs.
Total	67,502 lbs.

Than these figures there can be no better testimony of the genuineness of Glaxo or of its suitability as a diet for a baby deprived of its mother's milk.

The babies supplied with Glaxo by the corporation are all under the constant supervision of qualified Infant Specialists and are weighed and inspected each week. The constant yearly increase in the amount purchased clearly shows that Glaxo has proved its value throughout a prolonged test under the close observation of qualified Specialists.

Very possibly Glaxo has been more thoroughly tested than any other Infant Food. But if it contained Flour, Starch or Cane Sugar, and if it did not contain everything to build firm flesh, sound bones, teeth with good quality enamel, and healthy nerves and brain for baby, Glaxo would never have been used or still be used by such authorities.

Give your baby Glaxo for a week and see the difference! And remember, too, that Glaxo in 5s. Tins is not only the best but the *cheapest* food for baby.

Glaxo
Awarded Gold Medal International Medical Congress Exhibition, 1913.
By Royal Appointment to the Court of Spain.
"Builds Bonnie Babies"
1/-, 2/-, 5/- Tins, at all Chemists and Stores.
A complete Food for all Babies from birth.

Ask your Doctor!

Send this Coupon—or a Postcard—for the FREE GLAXO BABY BOOK

To GLAXO, 45 b, King's Road, St. Pancras, N.W.

Please send me by return the 72-page GLAXO BABY BOOK offered FREE to everyone who loves a baby.

Name

Address

Chemist's Name

Chemist's Address

N.B.—If 3d. in stamps is sent with this Coupon a Trial Tin of Glaxo will be supplied to you in addition to the Baby Book. (D.Mr. 11/3/14)

DEDICATED TO EVERYONE WHO LOVES A BABY. 72 well-illustrated pages full of useful hints and information for every nurse and mother. How useful this book can be seen by the Index. It also contains many beautiful photographs and a large number of letters from doctors, nurses, and mothers who have used Glaxo. Send the Coupon—or a postcard—to-day. If you enclose 3d. in stamps, a Trial Tin of Glaxo will also be supplied to you.

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Adenoids.	Chicken Pox.	Dietaries 9 to 12 months.	Glaxo—What it is.	Nursery.	Squint.
Advice to a Mother.	Chilblains.	12 to 18 months.	Analysis.	Nursing Mothers.	Teething.
Albumen Water.	Clothing.	18 to 24 years.	Compared to milk.	Premature Babies.	Tine Table for
Allments.	Colds.		Directions for preparing.	Quincy.	Feeding.
Analysis.	Colic.			Regular Habits.	Testimonials.
Bathing Baby.	Comforters.			Resistent Sleep.	Thrush.
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Bronchitis.	Custard.			Scars.	Vesal Broth.
Broth (Veal).	Delicate Babies.			Scurvy.	Whooping Cough.
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Capacity of Baby's Stomach.	Diarrhoea.				
Chafing.					

Be sure and begin this story to-day.

The most intimate story ever written.

NEW
SERIAL

THE STORY OF ELAINE'S HEART

NEW
SERIAL

WHAT THE FIRST CHAPTER TELLS.

ELAINE CASSELL, the bride of twenty-three, who tells the story, opens with a wonderful picture of the love and devotion that fill a woman's heart in the first days of her marriage. The honeymoon is a sort of happiness, the return to their own little home in a London suburb like entering a paradise for months it is a joy to be the bond slave of handsome

ROBERT CASSELL, her husband, who goes daily to business in the City and the finds

PETER ROSS, a brilliant barrister, whom Robert brings to dinner, delightful in spite of his ugliness.

Then, just when Elaine's happiness is at its height, a shattering blow falls upon her. She awaits Robert one evening with great tidings. She is to become a mother. But instead of her husband comes a telegram saying he has been summoned on urgent business to Scotland.

A letter marked "Immediate" comes next day, and the opera is in full swing. Elaine, with passionate protest of love. At first she thinks it must be a horrible, a monstrous mistake. But she reads three more letters in the same handwriting, all addressed to him at her home, and she is driven to the conclusion that the parable she has been living in is a fool's paradise. When the first shock is over, she seeks out the writer.

MISS ESBORN, a woman five or six years older than herself, and less good-looking, though prettier. Her house is luxuriously furnished. Miss Esborn refuses to tell why she wrote the letters. "There is nothing to explain," she declares.

Elaine returns home in despair. Robert will be back that evening. To her relief, Miss Esborn calls just before he is due. Elaine runs up to her room to get the letters, determined to confront Robert and the woman with them. Robert enters unheard, and she there

she repels him. "Go to the woman who wrote that and that and that," she says, "and tell her that I am not one of the unreasonable folk before him, and she leads him in a bewildering way down stairs to the dining-room, where Miss Esborn waits.

As she throws open the door she shrieks back in horror. Miss Esborn is sitting on the floor, her face upturned, her hands tightly clenched, her lips blue.

Those who have read "The Daily Mirror" will find the first instalment should begin here.

Miss Esborn is not dead, as they at first thought. But so terrible to Elaine is the picture of her husband bending tenderly over the stricken woman that she refuses to help him in bringing her round. Robert stares aghast at her with a wild question in his eyes.

"Elaine, what has happened?" he demands while they are awaiting the arrival of the doctor. "Ask your friend," she replies, thrusting him aside and leaving the room.

Robert comes to her after the arrival of the doctor and demands, "What have you done?" "It is, rather, what have you done," she says, pointing to the letters. Robert tells her that Miss Esborn is recovering, that he has arranged for her to stay overnight at the house. "If that woman stays, I go!" replies Elaine. Robert looks puzzled and dazed, but finally declares that Miss Esborn must stay.

Elaine leaves her home, her last glimpse of her husband showing him kneeling with every appearance of tenderness and solicitude beside the couch on which Miss Esborn lay. For a fortnight she lives alone with her misery in a little room in Lambeth. Then she decides that Robert must be told of the child to come. She goes to his office, passionately hoping that by some miracle everything might be put straight. But when she reaches his office in the City an old clerk tells her: "He has given up his business, miss, and he and Mrs. Cassilis went abroad last week."

Bereft of her last hope, Elaine returns to her humble lodging. Robert, her husband, had gone abroad with Mrs. Esborn, and Miss Esborn was being called "Mrs. Cassilis!"

Days pass before she can bring herself to seek the aid of Peter Ross, but he can only bid her hope for the best. He tells her, however, that her little home is to be sold, and that night she is impelled to take a last glimpse at the place where she had had her brief spell of radiant happiness.

She arrives at the house, enters the garden and is arrested by a pencil of light across the lawn. Someone was in the house. Was it a burglar? In dread she crosses to the window and, peering through a chink left by the too narrow blind, Elaine beholds her husband! He is haggard and

weary as he stands there in the drawing-room, his gaze directed to the desk in a corner. He is as one who has been a serpent. Suddenly he walks resolutely to the desk, and from a drawer takes out a revolver.

Elaine, helpless and distraught, sees her husband place the barrel to his forehead.

Elaine is about to beat on the window, when Miss Esborn enters the room, and Robert slips the revolver into his coat pocket. Elaine overhears a passionate interview, in which Agatha Esborn protests her love for Robert. "You are the only woman who knew you had lost your money," cries Miss Esborn. But Robert will hear nothing against his wife. "I shall find my wife," he says. "She'll come back to me." Elaine's bruised heart rejoices—her husband loves her still.

Miss Esborn is able to have Robert arrested owing to a technical breach of the law regarding money she lent him to put into his business. She threatens to have a warrant issued unless Robert will renounce his wife for her. Robert refuses, point blank, when Miss Esborn gives him until the next day to decide.

Elaine, still peering through the chink in the blind, sees her rival depart and her husband, with a cry of anguish, sink into a chair before the desk. Noiselessly Elaine thrusts open the French window and steps into the room. She breathes his name. Robert rises and takes the revolver from her. He takes her in his arms, and she clings to him. He tells her how he searched for her in vain, and how he had to lay in hiding, as he suspected that Miss Esborn had applied for a warrant for his arrest.

Elaine confides her secret. "And it will be a boy, Robert!" she whispers. There is perfect reconciliation between husband and wife. Next morning they decide that Robert must go to France, where Elaine is to join him as soon as she has sold her jewellery.

Robert departs, and as he steps on to the footpath Elaine sees a man lay a hand on his shoulder. "Through my open window, the words come to her: 'I am a police officer, and have orders to serve a warrant for your arrest!'"

Dazed by the fearful shock, Elaine loses consciousness. When she recovers there is no sign of Robert—the man who had arrested him. She springs to her feet; she must save Robert, she must humiliate herself by pleading for mercy from Miss Esborn.

During the interview Miss Esborn tortures Elaine with her cruel taunts, and at last delivers her terms:—

"Give him up to me—give Robert up to me—and I will withdraw the warrant!"

"THE BARGAIN."

FOR a long, tense moment I stared blankly into her face, and as I did so, I moved back a step or two, and gradually raised my hands to my heart. I felt my heart not long in making its decision.

"Give Robert up to me, and I will withdraw the warrant!"

I was to give him up to her! Give Robert up to you? I stared into her face, wondering if I had indeed heard aright.

She saw that I was almost on the point of collapse and motioned me to a chair. I sank down into it, and again under my breath repeated her words. I was to give up my husband to her!

The thought startled me into a wild cry of protest.

"Give him up to you? Give my husband up to you?"

Miss Esborn nodded her head—she had seated herself again on the black lacquer-leather chair, her arm hung over the back, her fingers were lightly intertwined.

"Give him up to me, Mrs. Cassilis," she said quietly and slowly but with inflexible determination. "You said you would do anything to save him from the degradation of prison. I am making you a fair offer. There is no other way in which he can escape prison. You must do it. You must love for him—you were willing to do anything. Do this! Give him up to me!"

I managed to utter a shrinking sentence—"He loves me—my husband loves me."

"For a moment Miss Esborn was silent.

"He thinks he does," she answered, calmly, "but if you mean I am willing to risk anything that will happen. Of course, it will be necessary," she went on, "for you not to communicate with him in any way."

"Mrs. Cassilis," she said, "whatever choice you make, you will be separated from Robert—remember that. Five years of imprisonment will make him a different man. I hear that the effect of imprisonment on a man of refinement is simply awful! The cruel association, the degradation would break the spirit of any man!"

I shuddered as she spoke, for these thoughts had dwelt in my mind since last night.

"If you refuse my offer," went on Miss Esborn, "Robert goes to prison—nothing can alter that! The case against him is a foregone conclusion, you may rest assured of that, Mrs. Cassilis!"

"You came back to me," she said, "I faltered, you mean I am giving him up entirely to you—to go out of his life, pretending I don't love him!"

I mean exactly that," said Miss Esborn. "I admit it is a hard bargain, but in any case you have to suffer. In five years Robert may come back to you a broken and debased man. In the other case," she paused a moment, and made an expressive gesture with her hand, "in the other case, you have the satisfaction of knowing that he is with a woman who cares for him, and has sufficient money to make his life easy!"

She suddenly leaned forward towards me. The thought of her voice changed.

"Men," she said slowly, "are not like us women—they are easily consoled! Love isn't everything in the life of a man!"

I was not heeding her words—I had risen to my feet.

"What you ask me to do, Miss Esborn, is monstrous and impossible! No woman who was not utterly shameless would think of making such a deal for her husband!"

I saw her draw herself up, and expected that she was about to break in on my words. But, though her lips moved, she said nothing, and a hard look awoke in her eyes.

"What you demand, Miss Esborn," I went on, "is something so utterly disgraceful and outside anything I have ever heard that I cannot believe it true, even now!"

Then her face suddenly broke in on me.

"The time for heroics, Mrs. Cassilis, has gone. I have made my offer. Time is passing—all you have to do is to say whether you will accept it or not."

"You demand that I should give my husband to you!"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Cassilis," broke in Miss Esborn suddenly. "I made no such demand. I merely gave you five thousand pounds anywhere in the world."

She was too clever for me, too sharp, too masterful, and I broke out violently:

"Of course, I know the whole thing's a trick from the beginning—a fiendishly-engineered plot! My husband is incapable of dishonesty—he is honour itself. But he is not so subtle as you are, and you found it easy to trap him, I don't doubt."

Miss Esborn assumed a bored expression and uttered a few meaningless words.

"You have not said yet, Mrs. Cassilis, what you intend to do."

Suddenly I thought of the money Robert had had hidden away by business—money that had enabled her to trap him as she had trapped him now.

"What if I pay back what Robert owes?" she looked at me sharply and paused before she spoke.

"That," she said, "would not make the slightest difference in the world!"

Of course, I knew that it was impossible for me to pay back five thousand pounds anywhere in the world, and her words only confirmed me in the belief that she had schemed out this horrible plan purely and simply to drive Robert to come to her.

As I looked at her now sitting on a little draw-

ing-room chair, wearing her bright blue Shantung gown, and with her corn-coloured hair coiffured elaborately, I saw her as something that was scarcely human! I had never heard or read of a woman who had acted as she was doing. Somehow a force of her personality as I looked at her seemed to pervade the whole scene. She was a woman of one idea—she had made up her mind, and she intended to pursue her path relentlessly until her object was gained.

I knew that I was hopelessly in her hands, but I could not give up Robert. And yet the thought of him when this woman had succeeded in bringing about his downfall—the thought of his being separated from me for long years tore my heart in pieces. I could not, could not, could not, could not let him suffer so!

And suddenly—even in the presence of Miss Esborn—I bowed my head in my hands, and with my last ray of pride hid the tears that forced their way from my desolated heart.

There was a long, long pause, during which the clock ticked to me of the flying time—of the danger to Robert.

When at length I lifted my face from my hands I saw that Miss Esborn was upon her feet and was walking nervously up and down the carpet. As I moved she halted abruptly and watched me.

"Well," she questioned.

"I will give him up."

She was straining her ears to catch my low words that were scarcely more than a moan. And I saw her face suddenly become transfigured; she was aware of her effort to pull over her expressionless mask.

"You will give him up?" she repeated.

I was moving blindly almost to the door of the room, and I was able to speak again. But her eyes caught mine as I went, and I did not deny my words.

She knew my character, she knew that I was defeated; but she wished to make assurance doubly sure, and she walked towards the door she moved with me.

"I must ring up my solicitor," she said, "and tell him to withdraw the warrant. But in the meantime you and I must talk matters over."

I was in the open doorway now, standing myself with a hand upon the door-frame, and she must have read in my face something of the state I was in. For she allowed me to pass down the stairs before she entered the house. I could not have uttered another word, but I had saved Robert!

Of course, I knew Miss Esborn would make conditions, but neither that nor anything else seemed to matter now. I had saved Robert—and I had lost him for ever!

"A PORTENTOUS LETTER."

MY landlady in Lambeth told me that I looked like a ghost, and that I had been in the room for I had absented myself for the night without mentioning the matter to her. I made some vague excuse about friends, and she brought me a cup of tea to console me; but I could not drink it.

After hearing her I went to my room for a minute or two. I felt I had a headache and would like to be alone. I wonder what she would have thought if she had known the seas of feeling that were swirling over me, she had known the thing I had done to save the man I loved!

The minute she went out of the room I locked myself in and flung myself down on the little iron bed. My temples throbbed, and my head felt as if it were violently shaken.

It seemed to distract me a little from the thought of what had happened.

I must have remained in a state of stupor for several hours, for it was growing dark when I again became fully conscious of my surroundings.

I had saved Robert! Where was he now?

And at the thought that he might be with Miss Esborn the blood seemed to tingle in my veins.

Oh, it was impossible for me to remain so long to realise what I had done. I had sacrificed myself. To save Robert I had ruined my own life utterly. But it was not that that suddenly leapt into my mind and startled me. It was the fact that I had

(Continued on page 13.)

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1914.

'DESTROY SOMETHING!'

WE have all heard of the ass that dressed up in the lion's skin; and the parrot-plumes of the Fiji islander, the vermilion and rouge of the Polynesian, amuse us; because we suppose that these decorations, and the habits denoted by them, have so nearly died away.

However, the ass in the lion's skin was a fable told of the world as it will probably long remain: it illustrated the fact that people who cannot make themselves prominent by themselves, are constrained to achieve prominence by the help of others. This tendency persists and nowadays takes a peculiarly hideous form. To-day, when idiots desire to signalise themselves, they do it by destroying beauty. It is a transposition of the old borrowed-plumes habit. The essence of the preceding sub-stits—you cannot make the world turn its practised eyes in your direction. Very well: then you knock down, or put on, something the world is looking at already.

Thus it happens that beautiful things, which are yearly finding it harder to exist in, or to make terms with, a world given over to Uglification, are especially the prey now-days of all the cranks and drivellers whose alcoholism, or hysteria, whose feeble-mindedness and paralysis, are not in themselves sufficiently developed to secure their seclusion in our over-crowded workhouses and lunatic asylums. These, in their heated heads, carry a vague impression—the typical lunatic's impression—that the world is being unjust to them. What shall they do? Persecution mania afflicts them. Not that they are aware of it: the madman is always to himself the one sane person in a world given over to the mad. Their mania, their hysteria, their creeping paralysis, they do not call by these popular or medical terms. They use a term political, and they speak of a "cause." Every lunatic has his "cause," for which he will, on occasion, die. Unfortunately, however, that occasion rarely arrives. They don't die. They break things instead.

With these destructive idiots, with the huge troop of the cranky and crazed, with Monna Lisa stealers, and dynamite blusterers, certain wretched women of the suffragette cause long ago identified themselves—they sank, noticeably, into the stream of savage humanity, and thereby alienated for ever the many wise and noble women who believe in that cause, and therefore do not wish it to be degraded and defaced by crimes such as the attack upon a great picture in the National Gallery yesterday.

Whatever our persecution manias, our various passing political crazes, our egoisms masked as "politics" may be, we have nearly all agreed, in this Twentieth Century, to respect, as other ages have in their measure done, the life-giving work of the dead artist's hands, and when other ages did not respect them, we feel an ever-diminishing love for the "causes," religious or political, that blinded men to the beauty that lasts longer than such crazes. It was reserved for these miserable women of to-day to dishonour our time by doings that will mark them to the future as belonging to the dreary troop of maniacs and cowards who couldn't influence the world, except by showing their contempt for what helps the world, out of its creeping ways, into a higher order of joy beyond it.

W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

WOMEN AS EMPLOYERS.

WOMEN are undoubtedly harder upon their own sex than men would ever dream of being. We hear complaints of "male tyranny," but it is amusing to note that the hardest and cruellest of the suggested methods for crushing the suffragette movement have all emanated from the brains of women, who, it appears, are quite capable of tyrannising the most tyrannous male in existence.

FACTS.

THE DECAY OF WALKING.

IT is perfectly true, I think, that nobody now-days, or fewer and fewer people, seem to care for a walk in the country, simply for the pleasure of the thing. They always seem to want something else to make the walk endurable. Young men especially share this indolence about walking. In my day at Cambridge all the young

HOW HE PROPOSED.

THERE was no happier woman in the world, I thought, than myself when, on passing one of those inviting posters of "Ideal Homes" in a crowded thoroughfare (not the usual quiet country lane), he asked me if I thought such a home and life with him would be as ideal for me as it would for him. I did. How proud I was of the diamond and ruby ring he gave me!

Unfortunately, I returned that same foken a year and a half later, as I discovered he was telling the same love story to another girl!

ACCEPTED AND REJECTED.

YOUR correspondence on the above subject is certainly very interesting, and it recalls to my mind the time when I proposed. My beloved was playing and singing, and I was listening. Upon her reaching the words "Speak,

FINDING A JOB.

What Out-of-Works Ought To Do If They Want to Impress Employers.

THE other day I sent a youth up to an important firm with a view to his getting a job. I am a friend of the manager, and my recommendation was sufficient to procure him an interview. Like most youths, he is a bad letter-writer, and he did not take the trouble to let me know what success he had had.

However, I met my friend the manager some days later and asked him: "Well, did you give that boy a job?" "Couldn't," old chap, his collar was very dirty, and he looked thoroughly unwashed." I happen to know this boy could have looked neat enough had he cared to take the trouble. But he didn't, and he lost a chance in consequence. My moral is that neatness and cleanliness have much to do with the impression one makes upon managers. S. H. Warwick-square, S.W.

MANAGERS have no time to study character. They judge by appearances, which are all they have to go by.

In consequence, if you ask me what gets a fellow a job, I answer, "The fellow's face." Have the right sort of face and you will be all right. And the right sort of face is a bulldog and determined face with what is known as "grit" in it. Refined-looking people are "no use." At least, so managers have told me.

THE WRONG FACE.
Eton-avenue, N.W.

WHY be proud of having occupied "fifty-eight berths in about twenty-eight years?"

It should say the man who is always changing like this must get thoroughly demoralised. Surely it is much better to get into a good business and stick to it.

MOSS-GATHERER.
Wilton-street, S.W.

WE see God's loving hand in all things. "S's" being out of work has revealed to him that the girl he was engaged to was worthless.

If he had married her his life could not have been really happy, as it is evident her love was not the real thing. He should congratulate himself on having found out in time.

"S." in his letter appearing in your issue of the 9th inst., after relating his experience through being out of work, asks: "Is it to be wondered at that I am depressed?"

My reply is "Yes, it is." Surely the individual whom he was fortunate enough to lose before marriage did not love him, and although he is without work he is also without a bad bargain. I also became engaged and purchased a business with the view of early marriage. The business at first was not a success, and my fiancée gave me three months' notice to marry her or break off the engagement. I chose the latter course, on the supposition, that a "fair weather" partner would not be helpful in life. Still I am smiling, as since this happened the business has increased enormously, and I am now comfortably off.

There is nothing like an economic crisis for testing the full value of a sentimental affection. Let your out-of-works remember this.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 10.—The perennial candytufts (iberis) are pretty and useful plants for the late spring garden. Being evergreen, they look attractive throughout the year and are effective on rock-work or when used as edgings. There are several varieties of iberis sempervirens, all bearing pure white heads of flowers.

The dwarf St. John's Wort (hypericum) are also pretty plants for the rockery. Repens and reptans, of creeping habit, bear bright golden flowers during the summer and are quite hardy.

Hypericum calycinum (the Rose of Sharon) has long been a general favourite, and few plants are more useful for forming an undergrowth beneath trees.

B. E. L.

AFTER READING ALL THAT HAS BEEN WRITTEN LATELY AGAINST SMOKING—



—Your true smoker goes on just the same, taking the risk valiantly of the fearful diseases, mental and physical, that will overtake him if he indulges his taste. And somehow nothing seems to happen!—
(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

men were walkers. We went on walking tours. We saw England in the one way our beautiful country can be seen—on foot. Now if I suggest a walk to a younger man he invariably remarks that he's arranged to play golf or is going on his motor-cycle. As if motor-cycling could be compared, for exercise, with a walk.

Wimbledon, S.W.

PEDESTRIAN.

TO-DAY'S DINNER-TABLE TOPICS.

The latest hysterical fit of the mad women. Velasquez's Venus which may lead to the safer and more tranquil topic—Was it by Velasquez or not? What you do to avoid losing things, such as spectacles, umbrellas, pencils. Compare recent suggestions from our readers in our correspondence column. The latter time limit. Your own opinion and public opinion in general.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

No man can be brave who considers pain to be the greatest evil of life; nor temperate who considers pleasure to be the highest good.—Cicero.

THE SEA ROCK.

Hearken, thou crazy ocean pyramid!
Give answer for thy voice, the sea-fowls' screams!
When were thy shoulders mantled in huge streams?
How long is 't since the mighty power bid

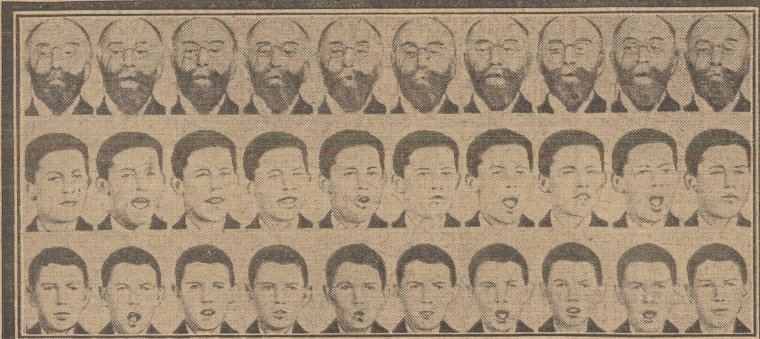
These have to alry sleep from fathom dreams!
Sleep in the lap of thunder or sunbeams,
Or when grey clouds are thy cold coverlid.
Then answerst not; for thou art dead asleep;
Thy life is but two dead eternities—
The last in air, the former in the deep;
First with the whales, last with the eagle-kites—
Drown'd wast thou till an earthquake made thee sleep,
Another cannot wake thy giant side.

—KEATS.

TEACHING THE DUMB TO TALK: NEVER HEAR THEIR OWN VOICES

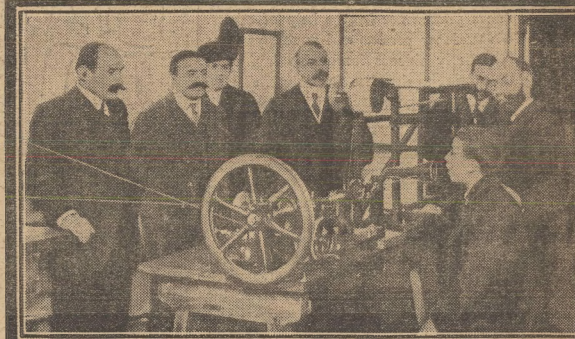


A class for beginners. They are repeating an exercise and watching the movement of the lips in a looking-glass.



Repeating the words "Pardon, madam," after the professor.

Deaf mutes are only dumb because they cannot hear their own voices. In reality they possess the gift of speech, and wonderful results have been achieved at the National Institution of Deaf Mutes at Paris, where they are taught to talk. First they learn to make sounds,



Taking a record of a deaf mute's voice.

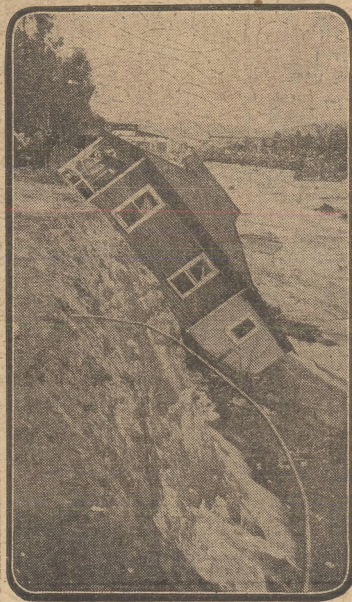
and then spell words, and, as they become more advanced, can do dictation by watching the movement of the professor's mouth. The cinematograph is largely used for teaching lip language, and the heads were taken from a film.—(Manuel.)

DIVORCE SUIT.



Mrs. Knight, who is seeking a divorce, arriving at the Law Courts for yesterday's hearing. Her husband, Mr. S. H. Knight, has brought a cross-charge against her.

A FLOOD FREAK.



Five lives were lost and damage estimated at £600,000 caused by floods in California. The picture shows what happened to a house. About 100 residences were swept away, while towns were isolated.

AGED FUSILIER.



After seventeen years' service abroad, the Welsh Fusiliers are home again. The picture shows John Kneller, a Crimean veteran, welcoming his old regiment home. He is talking to the commanding officer.

A WEIRD GOWN.

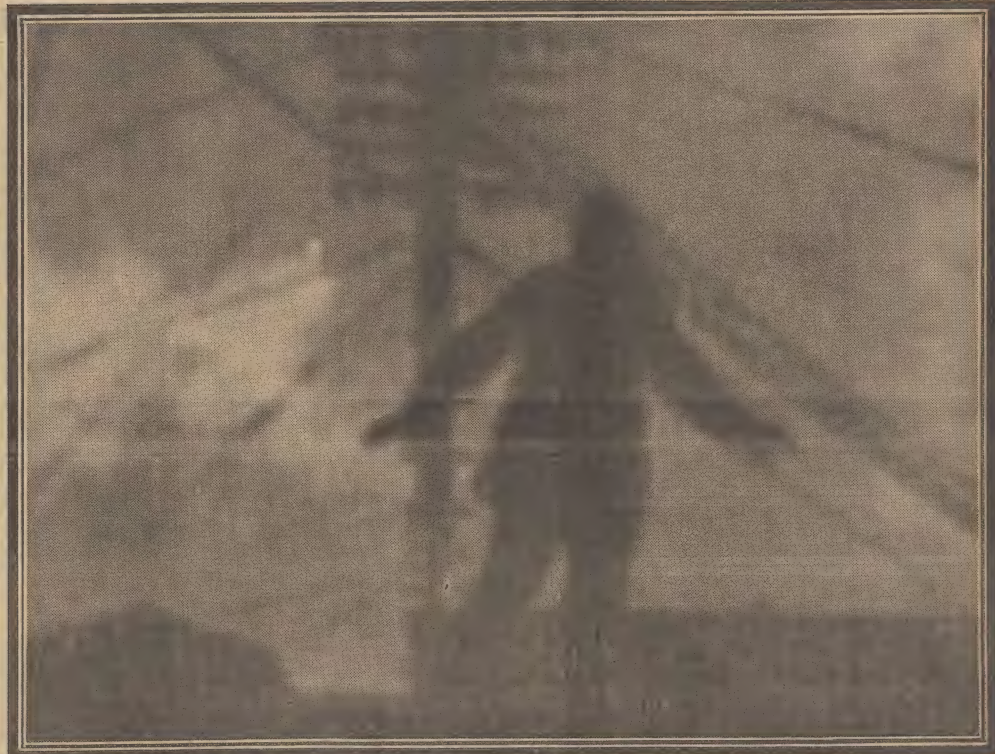


The skirt is looped with roses, and has a tight band round the knees. The dress is of white satin.—(Talbot.)

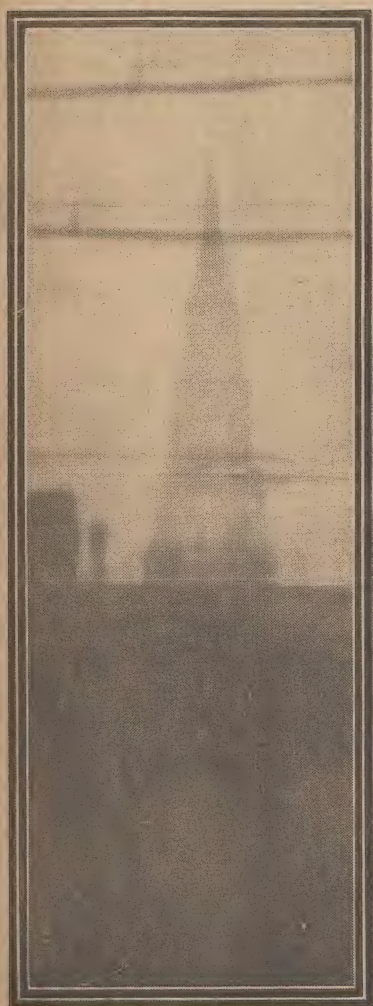
THE "CUBISTS" OF PHOTOGRAPHY AND THEIR PUZZLE PICTURES.



His own wife wouldn't recognise him.



"The Storm" or "The Would-Be Suicide," a picture taken against the sun.



A simple little subject, St. Bride's Church.



Get a pestle, mortar and a few test tubes, and call it "The Scientist."

What is now known as "art photography" (spelt with a very large capital A) is becoming a serious rival to cubism. There are certain rules that must be carefully observed by beginners. Always, when possible, photograph against the sun, and be sure that the picture

is over-exposed and out of focus. Otherwise people might be able to recognise the subject, an unpardonable offence against the canons of the "craft." The bigger the blur or smudge which appears on the plate, the greater the success.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

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The most healthy garment of its kind a child can wear. It gives needed support but allows splendid freedom. Perfect for games and exercises. A valuable feature is that all weight of underclothing is borne entirely by flexible strapping from the shoulder.

Send for FREE BOOK explaining the garment fully. For Boys and Girls: 1 to 3 years, 1/3; 4 to 8 years, 1/6; 9 to 13 years, 1/9. Also for Young Ladies, 2/11. Small, Medium, and Women's (deep fitting), 3/11. Large and Out-size, 4/6. If unobtainable in your district, send P.O. direct.

FREE The makers of the "Liberty Bodice" are presenting Real Imported Japanese Fans to children wearing the Bodice. To obtain one, write a postcard saying that you wear the "Liberty Bodice", and send the name and address of any little friend who does not, but who would also like one of the fans.

"LIBERTY BODICE" Factory (Dept. 68), Market Harborough.

Why YOUR baby should have Mellin's Food

Scientific research has established the fact that the basis of an infant's diet must be fresh milk. Mellin's Food is to be prepared with fresh cow's milk. But, fresh cow's milk must be changed or modified, before it can be digested by a baby. This is just what Mellin's Food does. Mellin's Food modifies milk so that it is readily digested and easily assimilated by the infant.

Fresh milk is also deficient in certain nutritive substances which are necessary to a baby's welfare. Mellin's Food supplies these materials, and, what is equally important, furnishes them in a form suitable to the growing baby's body.

The ease with which Mellin's Food may be changed to suit varying conditions in the same baby, or the different conditions in different babies, is a decided advantage. Simply changing the proportions of Mellin's Food, milk, and water, yields a mixture satisfying the requirements of any baby.

Get a bottle to-day, and start your baby on the right path of nutrition. Send for our book, "The Care of Infants." It is Free. Mention this paper.

MELLIN'S FOOD, LTD., PECKHAM, S.E.

Says the brother of a Cabinet Minister:

"As for a long time I have derived great benefit from Guy's Tonic, it is only right to let you know that I consider it the surest of all preparations for keeping one in sound Health.

"My experience has proved that it keeps me free from all Digestive complaints, and also keeps the Nerves 'toned' to meet any demand made upon them.

"As is well known, I lead an active life both Physically and Mentally, and for my always perfect condition I render thanks to your splendid Tonic.



ALEXANDER BURNS, Esq., brother of the Rt. Hon. John Burns, M.P., President of the Board of Trade and member of the Cabinet.

"Anyone who wishes to eat sleep, and work well—to regain lost vigour and Health—can do no better than to follow my example.

"You might also like to know that Mrs. Burns thinks equally well of Guy's Tonic, and relies upon it as her standard Remedy for any defect of Physical or Nervous Health."

(Signed)

ALEXANDER BURNS,
Kennington, London, S.E.
To Messrs. Guy's Tonic Co.

"I consider Guy's Tonic to be of the highest service in cases of Debility, Nerve Exhaustion and broken-down Health."

"For many years past I have frequently prescribed Guy's Tonic, and have always found good results to follow. In cases of broken-down Health, Debility, Nerve Exhaustion, and general functional inactivity I consider it to be of the highest service. Its efficiency is most marked and advantageous. Anyone requiring a thoroughly reliable Tonic, can do no better than take Guy's Tonic."

(Signed) J. W. CASEY, L.R.C.S.I. and L.M.

Guy's Tonic

The World-famed Digestive and Nerve Restorative.

Buy a Shilling Bottle of Guy's Tonic to-day, take it regularly for a few days, and you will be astonished at its power to restore that fresh, bright feeling of real Health, which makes life a daily joy.

In Shilling Bottles:

Guy's Tonic is sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the United Kingdom. The Popular Size Shilling Bottle of Guy's Tonic contains six fluid ounces, and is therefore the cheapest as well as the best Remedy obtainable.



NEW SERIAL.

BEGIN IT TO-DAY.

The Story of a Woman's Heart

THE MOST INTIMATE STORY EVER WRITTEN.

(Continued from page 7.)

given him up to another woman. Whether he went to her or not—whether she could lure and enmesh him or not—my renunciation of my husband was a violation of my marriage vows!

I had no more right to give up my husband than this other woman had a right to take him from me. The bargain we had made was an utterly impossible one. Such things were not permissible in life. Honour and decency forbade such bargains. And though my intentions were pure and my only purpose was to save the man I loved from life-long degradation, I felt that I could not keep my word as I had given it to Miss Esbron.

And suddenly at the moment when I was saying to myself: "A woman cannot break her marriage vows for any reason save death," the thought of the future came to me—of the child that was to be born—and I began to pace the floor of my little room in a condition of mind that was beyond despair.

Robert had thought of death! He and I had been the strange sort of chance. He had thought of death, and now I began to realise something of what he must have suffered. For a longing for death crept into my own heart, and I began to

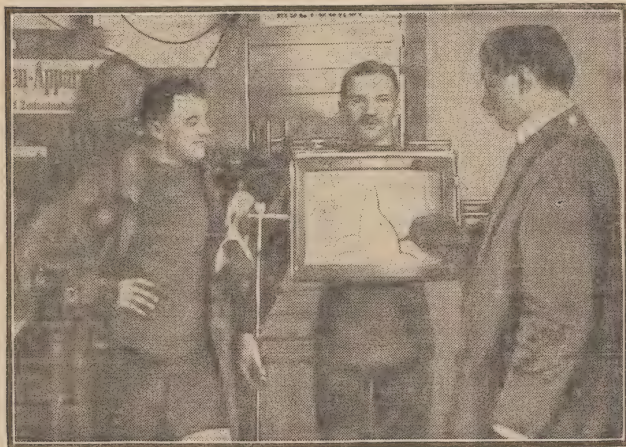
nerve myself for another ordeal. Five minutes passed, and Miss Esbron did not come in, and several times in my promenade of the room I had seen her disordered letters on her desk. She had evidently been called hurriedly away, and had thrown down her pen carelessly.

On the desk itself was a green-shaded reading-lamp, and it was in the light of this lamp that I suddenly saw amongst the disorder of letters the word "Cassilis." Some minutes passed before I thought of the connection of this word with myself. Then I glanced again at the desk. The word was upon a folded-up letter, which had evidently been taken recently from a little drawer with the key still in its lock.

The second time I glanced at the letter my presence of mind came back to me. I hesitated a long time, reading the word "Cassilis" again and again in a strong bold hand. I tried not to read the context. Then a thought leapt into my mind.

What if the letter could possibly be of use to Robert? One snatches at straws in moments such as these, and a second later I had moved nearer to the letter upon the desk. I had no right on earth to read a letter written to another woman, and yet, by one of the strange chances of fortune,

THE EFFECT OF VIOLENT EXERCISE ON THE HEART.



Tests to determine what effect violent exercise has on the heart have been made at Berlin, the men selected being the competitors in the six days' cycle race. Röntgen-ray photography was the method adopted, and the picture shows the apparatus used.

think black, dangerous thoughts until I became afraid of myself in the darkening room.

I was so afraid that I was obliged to strike a match and light the candle, and as I did so my hand shook violently.

In the flickering candle light I caught my reflection in the dressing-table mirror, and for a moment I scarcely knew myself. I had lately marvelled at the idea that sorrow cannot mark a face that is young and beautiful. Now my face was utterly changed. My eyes seemed to burn, seemed to stare at me with a strange hard gaze. And words that had been forming in deep cavernous recesses of my mind came to my shaking lips.

"I must go back! I must withdraw my word." If there was one spark of humanity in the recesses of Miss Esbron's heart I must find it and fan it into flame.

After that I was scarcely conscious of anything until the stone steps leading to Miss Esbron's house confronted me again.

I mounted them slowly and wearily, and when I had rung the bell and the servant of the morning admitted me, I followed her up to the drawing-room.

"Miss Esbron is upstairs, madam," she said, and for the second time that day I was shown into the drawing-room, with its rather faded carpet, Miss Esbron's desk, the black-cased piano, and the lacquer-legged chair upon which Miss Esbron had seated herself most of the time during our interview of the morning.

The room seemed quiet and reposeful, and as I waited for Miss Esbron I walked back and forth,

RHEUMATISM REMOVED IN AN HOUR.
Neuralgia also Cured.

Mr. Lawrence Windley, Cranleigh, Dane-road, Luton, Beds, sends the following letter:

"I had Rheumatism in my leg, and had to go about with the aid of a stick. I took two Kephadol tablets at 10 a.m., and by 11 all trace of pain had disappeared, and I have not had it from that day to this. All you say of Kephadol is true. It is a pain-killer. The remaining tablets I gave to a friend suffering with acute Neuralgia, and they have positively cured him."

That letter is only one of thousands praising Dr. Stohr's Kephadol, the greatest pain-killer known. It is to be obtained from all Chemists. It is the only remedy that is recommended by all who try it.—(Adv.)

the whole future life of Robert and myself might depend on the contents of that letter!

I hesitated, listening! Then again my eyes sought the closely-written sheet.

"Dear Miss Esbron," I read. And further on the word "Cassilis" seemed to leap to my eyes. I could not, could not restrain myself longer, and, with a swift, stealthy movement—the movement of a thief—I put forth my hand, took the letter from the desk and began to read.

Another instalment of this powerful story will appear to-morrow.

"DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTIES.—No. 116.



A charming photographic study. Prizes of £10 and 100 books will be awarded to those sending in the best complete lists of names of the originals with the best summary of their merits at the end of the twenty-six weeks during which the portrait appears.—(Claude Harris.)

AN IDEAL BUST.

WOMAN'S MOST FASCINATING CHARM.
NATURE'S GREATEST GIFT.

Six inches bust development in thirty days guaranteed to any woman under seventy, no matter how thin, bony, flabby, or shrunken her figure may be. How I accidentally discovered an almost incredibly simple means of obtaining a perfect bust.

MY GRATEFUL MESSAGE TO ALL WOMANKIND AFFLICTED AS I ONCE WAS. SEND TO-DAY FOR EVERYTHING I OFFER BELOW ABSOLUTELY FREE, AND BEGIN DEVELOPING YOUR BUST AT ONCE.

SEND NO MONEY.

NO longer need any woman suffer the humiliation of a flat, scraggy chest, nor endure the thoughtless shafts of ridicule or pity which pierce the hearts of those unfortunate members of her sex who lack that distinguishing and essential hallmark of perfect feminine beauty—a Perfect Bust. For fifteen years I vainly longed for this alluring attraction which Nature had denied me. Every one's eyes seemed to centre upon my flat, scraggy chest, which plainly showed the outlines of the bones, and I keenly dreaded to wear a low-necked gown, for that only emphasised my glaring and humiliating defect. In my constant embarrassment I foolishly and vainly tried to disguise by means of false busts the shortcomings which completely overshadowed all other charms I possessed.

But such an artifice deceived no one. Men even seemed to avoid me as a woman who looked like a man and one totally devoid of the feminine charms that attract them. I faithfully tried worthless and harmful pills and medicines, also massage, creams, exercises, vacuum appliances, electricity, prescriptions, and everything else I had ever heard of, but there were no beneficial results whatever, so I was finally obliged to give up in despair, and conclude that my condition was hopeless and must be due to hereditary causes, like being too tall or too short.

The miracle-working discovery which released me from this condition, which I found unbearable, was purely accidental, and occurred as a climax to a curious train of events which I shall never cease to regard as providential. A dull, dreary world became gay and bright again. I felt like a butterfly newly burst from its cocoon. In a single month my busts were developed six inches, the hollows in my cheeks, neck, chest and shoulders were quickly filled out and made marvelously smooth, graceful and fascinating in contour, and from a flat-chested, imperfect, angular and masculine-appearing member of my sex I was transformed into the full-bodied and sublime perfection of ideal womanhood. My secret is too good to selfishly keep for my own benefit alone, and I wish to share it with all womankind afflicted as I once was. I neither need nor desire the slightest profit for my trouble in explaining the method that did so much for me. I have nothing whatever to sell, and this offer is prompted by gratitude.

I found that the breasts, being the only organs in the human body which lie idle and out of use the greater part of one's lifetime, they positively can never be developed by treating them as though they were simple muscles or other organs in

use daily with regular and constant functions to perform. I firmly believe that the new and radically different method of development which I discovered is the only one in existence that takes this fact into consideration, and the utter failure of all the other methods, treatments, medicines, and appliances which I formerly used is thus fully explained. Whatever may be the cause or causes of your undeveloped bust, or whatever your condition of health may be, you should find my method infallible. The first moment you feel the tingling, exhilarating action my treatment exerts, the forerunner of the splendid development soon to follow, you will then be able to realise why it cannot fail to cause dormant tissues to rapidly develop as they

awaken to new life. Without knowing it, you already have the facilities for undergoing the treatment in the strict privacy of your own home, unknown to your most intimate friends. My only caution to you is, do not use the treatment unless you really require at least three to four inches or more bust development. Do not use it to develop other parts of your body without developing the bust, for while it greatly improves the general health and fills out neck, shoulders, and chest, it is certain to primarily develop the bust. As the development is permanent and cannot be reduced afterwards, be sure to discontinue the treatment as soon as your bust becomes exactly the size and firmness desired. Growth must not continue after treatment is stopped, but on account of the strong stimulating action exerted you may begin to gradually lessen the treatment as your busts begin to reach the required size and firmness.

Inquiries concerning my method have been so extremely numerous that, although many are letters from personal acquaintances, I have found it impossible to write a personal letter in reply to each. I have therefore decided to have a full description of my method printed in the form of a small booklet for free distribution to any ladies sufficiently interested to send me two penny stamps for posting expenses. I have nearly a thousand of these booklets left, and this offer is made in the belief that they may prove of interest to the general public, as well as to my personal acquaintances. Simply send your name and address to Margarette Merlan (2931) Peacock House, Oxford-street, London W., and while they last, a regular copy of my booklet will be sent you by return post, sealed and in plain wrapping. Send me no money, for I have nothing to sell, and that is not my object in consenting to have this article published.

NOTE.—On referring this new method of bust development to Dr. Conlonay, of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris, for a disinterested opinion of its efficacy, his report is as follows:—"No matter whether a woman be young or old, nor what her condition of health may be, I firmly believe that in this treatment she has an infallible method for developing and beautifying her bust." In view of this praise from the highest medical authority, rendered after careful examination of the treatment, there can be no cause for hesitation in recommending it to every reader who requires anything of the kind.

A CHANCE

Send P.O. at once. Don't delay.
Money returned if not delighted.

In Black, White, and all colours POST FREE. Foreign and Colonial postage 1/- extra. Goods sent on approval on receipt of remittance or London trade reference. Renumerations a Speciality. New Illustrated Catalogue (Ls) post free on request. Call at our Showrooms in Oyster and Ostrich Feathers. Telephone: Regent 1689.

THE CAPE OSTRICH FEATHER CO., LTD.
(Importers and Manufacturers),
131, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.
Showrooms on 1st Floor. Entrance in Heddon Street.

CHEST TROUBLE.
Firm Reliance

May be placed in

CONGREVE'S
ELIXIR.AFTER 37 YEARS' CRUCIAL TEST HOLDS
THE UNSHAKEN CONFIDENCE OF THE
PUBLIC AS REMEDY FOR LUNG
COMPLAINTS.

NURSE POCOCH, of 179, Maidstone Road, Rochester, writes:—"Some years ago I was suffering from bad cough, and my right lung was slightly affected. By the use of your Elixir I regained my health so completely that I was able to train as a maternity nurse, and have worked in my profession ever since."

G. T. CONGREVE's book on The Successful Treatment of Consumption, etc., sent free for stamp from No. 74, Coombe Lodge, Peckham, London, S.E. CONGREVE'S Elixir, of all Chemists, 1/3, 2/6, 4/6, and 1/- per bottle.



Just What We ALL Wanted!

IT'S simply splendid! It contains just the very things for spring wear we've been looking for—pretty and simple styles, useful information on what materials to buy, and really valuable MONEY-SAVING tips, that help you to cut down your dress bill in all sorts of unexpected ways. It's wonderful to think that no one has ever before brought out a bright and sensible paper like

HOME FASHIONS

The NEW Penny Dress Paper.

It's been so badly wanted for such a long time. Now it has come out we don't intend to miss a single number. It's the best investment we've ever made. Just look at the good things in the first issue. These include:

100 DESIGNS

and every one of them is smart and new and can be made up for next to nothing. Then there are pages for the big girl—some delightfully suitable styles for the matron—and a lovely blouse pattern is given FREE. But it's quite impossible to tell you everything about this wonderful pennyworth. You must see it for yourself to realise what unique value it gives. Why not get a copy to-day?

No. 1 On Sale Everywhere 1d.



FREEDOM A FEATURE OF CHILDREN'S DRESS.

New Styles to Relieve Them of Endless Yards of Underclothing.

PRACTICAL AND PRETTY.

Surprising as are some of the new season's fashions for grown-up women—explained previously in *The Daily Mirror*, and illustrated in our series of shopping demonstrations—they are likely to be excelled in novelty by changes in children's dress.

There will be no really "little girls" this spring and summer, for, as indicated in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*, the trend of the new juvenile fashions is to make children look two or three years older than they actually are. The ambitious child who wants to look as natty as she can, "like mamma," will find her dream wish realised.

Even the tiny girl of two years has not been left out in the great march of children's fashions. Her wee "toddlers"—in correct Empire style—will reach just below the knee, instead of, as formerly, coming right down to the feet.

TINY GIRL'S MUSHROOM HAT.

Then, with the "toddlers," she will wear a smart mushroom style hat, in satin straw, trimmed with gold cords and bubbles, which, until this year, no self-respecting child could possibly affect until she was six or seven years old.

It is just the same with boys: The baby pelisse and baby bonnet are things of the past. A "weeby" man of eighteen months, in his first pair of knickers, must have his proper coat. It is a mantle, with a loose yoke back, giving absolute freedom—the predominant note of the new juvenile modes.

And even the boy of one-and-a-half, like his older sisters, is to have the long waist, which serves to hold in place the fullness of the mantle. Vivid, general, tanned, bold checks, Roman stripes and striking broadcades are among the new colour schemes for children, who are no longer to

be packed up in endless yards of boggy underclothes. Next Friday, at 3 p.m., at Messrs. Pontings, High-street, Kensington, there will be a great *Daily Mirror* display of children's fashions. It is the eighth of the series of lecture-demonstrations in connection with our academy of shopping. The right kind of dress for every type of girl will be shown on living models of all ages.

All *Daily Mirror* readers are invited, and no tickets are necessary for admission. In view, however, of the enormous numbers of women who have attended previous lecture-demonstrations, a large block of seats will be reserved for those who make application direct to Messrs. Pontings,

"DAILY MIRROR" DEMONSTRATION

FRIDAY NEXT.—Children's Fashions: Best Dress for Girls and Boys. Lecture-demonstration, illustrated by living models. At Messrs. Pontings, High-street, Kensington, W. 3 p.m. Write today for reserved seats.

High-street, Kensington, marking the envelope "Demonstration" in the top left-hand corner. In addition to the display of fashions for girls of from four to eighteen, a musical programme is also being arranged, and all *Daily Mirror* readers who attend are assured of an entertaining as well as instructive afternoon.

No charge is made for tickets; the only thing asked is that readers will send in as early as possible their applications, which entail no obligation of any kind.

ABLE TO DRESS THEMSELVES.

Other features of Friday's lecture-demonstration will show how children's dress, whether for sweet seventeen or mites who can just walk without the help of a chair, is practical as well as pretty. Besides giving greater freedom of movement, the new fashions are designed to avoid many of the complexities of children's frocks.

They are taken on and off so easily that quite a small child can dress herself, and many ingenious devices have been introduced to prevent "shininess" and general signs of wear and tear.

COURTSHIP RULES FOR WOULD-BE BRIDES.

Big Point Is To Have Enough Humour Not to Take Lovers' Quarrels Tragically.

Be sympathetic, cultivate a sense of humour and don't be afraid to come into an open and show a man your hip.

Don't show any readiness to argue, or ape masculine manners, or adopt a pose of superiority.

These are the simple rules which Mr. Guy Bolton, a successful young American dramatist, offers for the guidance of would-be brides.

Most women have known these rules for long, but they will find that Mr. Bolton, in amplifying them, makes some interesting revelations of the average masculine mind.



Mr. Guy Bolton.

man's stories of big-game hunting or civil engineering in savage countries, and then adds indignantly, "But if you had been ill, with no one to take care of you."

"Only the other day I was in the studio of an artist friend of mine. It was raining, and suddenly the telephone bell rang.

"His shocked wife had called him up to urge him to put on his rubbers and his silk scarf when he went out! She wouldn't live with him, but she couldn't forget her habit of looking out for his physical welfare.

LAUGHTER THAT WINS.

"Then there are unmarried women who would be happy wives and mothers to-day if only they had had a perception of the humorous. "A sense of humour is really a sense of proportion, you know. The girl who has it isn't going to make herself unhappy for the rest of her life because of some silly lovers' quarrel. She's going to kiss and make up, and marry the man she loves.

"A man will change his ways for a woman who laughs and says, 'You silly boy!' quicker than for her who weeps or whines.

"Do settle one question," urged the interviewer of the *New York World*. "Does a man prefer to marry a modest violet or a dashing chrysanthemum?"

"That depends on the man," he replied. "But

GOOD SKINS NOT RARE.

The teaching of Mrs. Pomeroy, who had done more for women's appearance in all respects than anyone else in the world, has had much to do with making good complexions no longer rare. Pomeroy Skin Food, the delightful face-cream which she spent years in perfecting, can be obtained at any chemist's in an eightpenny jar. It is not in the least like any other complexion speciality, for it does not contain either animal or mineral fats, and therefore cannot cause hair to grow. But it can and does nourish the skin, keeping it fair, fine, smooth, and free from wrinkles. No woman is too young to be benefited by the use of it. (Advt.)

in the majority of cases the old-fashioned girl is at a disadvantage to-day.

"The modern man is rather tired of the girl who sets traps for him. He prefers to have her come into his open, to have her show that she likes him and his society.

BEAUTY AND BRAINS.

"Beauty serves a young woman who wants to get married exactly as advertising serves a manufacturer. It brings notice of the goods, but in the long run success depends upon quality.

"Brains do a girl, no harm if she keeps them under proper control. A clever man likes a woman who is clever enough to appreciate him; and, more than that, he will come to admire her cleverness for itself if it is not of the combative variety.

"The average man detests a woman who always wants to argue with him.

"A man may readily fall in love with a woman who is clever and who can be a good comrade, but he doesn't care for the affection of the masculine manner.

"Likewise, he resents a sense of her superiority, when it exists in her. He frequently gives her a pedestal, but he doesn't like to find her already posed on one and looking calmly down at him."

WOMAN JUDGE AND POLICEWOMAN.



Mrs. R. R. Jamieson, the first woman Judge in the world, was appointed to the first Canadian, is Commissioner of the Criminal Court of Calgary, Alberta. She has the same powers as a police magistrate, but only tries cases where accused are under 16.

Miss Ann Forsyth, a well-to-do young woman, has become the first policewoman at Aurora, of a force of 215 a month. She is to supervise dance halls and public places where young people congregate.

NEW SAVOURIES WORTH TRYING.

CHEESE JELLIES.

Whip one pint of cream, add to it one tablespoonful of gelatine (after this has been dissolved in a little hot water), four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, salt, cayenne pepper and a little mustard. Put into individual moulds to harden. Serve one jelly to each person.

DUBLIN LAWYER.

To the flesh of a lobster put a tablespoonful of butter, a wineglassful of sherry, a speck of cayenne, salt to taste and squeeze of lemon. Heat all together. Serve with crisp bits of toast.

TOMATO AND CHEESE CHARLOTTE.

Butter a pudding mould and sprinkle the bottom with bread that has been soaked in milk and squeezed out. Over this put a layer of finely-chopped parsley, a layer of grated cheese and freshly peeled and sliced tomatoes, and a sprinkle of salt. Repeat until the mould is full. Finish up with a layer of bread, parsley and cheese, with bits of butter on top. Bake forty minutes. Serve very hot.



All You Need

All that you need to keep your skin soft and healthy, and your complexion beautiful is PALMOLIVE—nice Soap made from the Oils, which, for over 3,000 years, have been unexcelled for their skin beautifying virtues—Palm and Olive Oils.

There is nothing artificial about PALMOLIVE beauty—cosmetics and face powders spoil the effect of its creamy lather.

What is more charming than a healthy skin, tinted like a peach by Nature herself.

PALMOLIVE

By keeping the pores of the skin free from dirt, yet charged with nutriment, promotes skin health—consequently PALMOLIVE beauty is natural beauty—the beauty that is always admired.

The appearance of youth can be prolonged by ladies who do not ill-treat their skins. Facial preparations that clog the pores of the skin and soaps containing free alkali should be carefully avoided. PALMOLIVE—alone—should be used.

A liberal sample can be had free, or a large cake of PALMOLIVE can be purchased at the chemist's for 6d., or will be sent post free on receipt of six penny stamps with name and address.

THE B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO.,
'24, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

TO COLOUR TRY ALEXANDRE'S GREY HAIR SHADEINE



58 WESTBOURNE GROVE, LONDON W.

BRIGHT EYES, LOVELY COMPLEXIONS.

Unless she can please the eye—and she ought to please—a woman's charms will bluish unseen and waste their sweetness. Many an attractive woman secretly improves her complexion by a prescription containing about one grain of gentian extract and a half a grain of dried iron sulphate combined with just a trace of nuxvomica, arsenic, and calcium sulphide made into a pill. The dose is one or two pills after each meal. This prescription is noted for the way it improves health as well as beauty in either men or women, and besides removing sallowness, and giving a clear complexion, is useful in removing acne or blackheads, certain forms of eczema, eruptions and pimples on the face and body. Commence your treatment with a box containing 72 pills (costs 1s.), which you will best obtain post free, from Mr. Wm. Shadforth, Pharmaceutical Chemist (Dept. D.M. 25), 63, Grove Road, Bow, London, E.—(Advt.)

"The only Cocoa I can Digest"

This is the verdict passed upon Savory and Moore's Cocoa and Milk by those who are unable to take cocoa in the ordinary form. It is made from refined cocoa and pure country milk by a special process, which makes it perfectly easy of digestion even by the most delicate.

Savory and Moore's Cocoa and Milk is highly nourishing and of delicious flavour. It is of great benefit to all who suffer from digestive weakness, and it is an excellent thing to take the last thing at night, as it brings quiet, refreshing sleep. It requires only hot water.

TESTIMONY:—"I am very pleased with the Cocoa and Milk, especially as it is the first time I have ever been able to take or retain cocoa of any sort, however prepared. This has been quite a revelation to me."

"Usually cocoa is one of the beverages I cannot take without making me ill, but I am using it regularly every day."

Tins, 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d., of all Chemists and Stores.

SAMPLE FOR 3d. POST FREE

A Trial Tin of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent, by return, post free, for 3d. Mention "The Daily Mirror" and address: Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143A, New Bond-street, London.

Savory & Moore's COCOA & MILK

LUNTIN MIXTURE



THOMSON & PORTEOUS,
EDINBURGH.

Manufacturers of the above and also

ALDERWOOD MIXTURE 5s. 4d.
TWO HOURS MIXTURE PER OUNCE 5d.

Five Sizes

1d., 2d.,
4d., 6d.
and 1s.



—each size the finest value that good money can buy. Because Meltonian Paste more than pays for itself in the money it saves you by saving your boots—from hardening, from cracking, and from divers other ills; and it keeps them at their brightest all their long life!

MELTONIAN BOOT PASTE

Try a small size to start with—you can run no risk at all events. Sold at all Stores, etc. If you have any difficulty send a postcard for the name of your nearest retailer. B. BROWN & SON, Ltd. (Dept. 5), Garrick Street, London.

HORSE SHOW IN LONDON YESTERDAY.



A snapshot taken during the judging at the show of the Hunters' Improvement and National Light Horse Breeding Society, which opened at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, yesterday.

FATHER'S GRIM FIND.

Inquest Story of How He Discovered Dead Daughter and Lover.

The story of how a former gunner in the Royal Artillery used to go out in the sun in India when it was 118deg. in the shade was told at the inquest at Plumstead yesterday concerning the death of Violet May Dash, aged twenty-three, of Plumstead, and Frederick William George May, twenty-six, Army reservist, of Farnham, Surrey. The father of the dead girl said his daughter had been keeping company with May.

On Friday May called at the house and went out for a walk with his daughter. Later witness heard a man say that there was something wrong down the road.

"Something struck me," said witness, "and I put my coat on, saying 'I must go to see what is the matter.'"

It was a dark night, and he put some matches in his pocket. A short distance down the road he noticed a man and woman lying there, and recognised his daughter's dress. The throats of both the young people were cut.

The jury found that May murdered the girl Dash, and afterwards committed suicide whilst temporarily insane.

A TONIC FOR DYSPEPTICS.

When food lies undigested in the stomach it ferments and gas forms. This gas distends the stomach and presses on the heart, causing a pain that sometimes arouses fear of heart trouble. The condition in which gas forms is caused by a lack of rich red blood resulting in deficient nerve force. It is a condition that calls for a tonic.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a tonic for the blood and nerves, have been used with great success in the treatment of this form of stomach trouble. Cold baths in the morning, followed by brisk friction with a rough towel, will help in stimulating the circulation, but a tonic treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills by building up the blood, restoring the nerve force and making the stomach able to do its work gives the most lasting benefit. With the use of these Pills the appetite increases, digestion becomes normal, and improvement in the general health follows with certainty.

Mrs. Seligber, proprietress of the General Stores, 44, Court-road, Cardiff, states:—"At one time my health was ruined by indigestion. For two years I suffered. Often I could not even bear to sit at table. After eating a morsel of food I had severe nausea, and sharp pain between my chest and shoulders. One doctor said that I was suffering from severe indigestion, but medicine did not move of much use to me."

"Then, having read of a cure of Indigestion by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I got a supply of these Pills. In a short time my appetite returned, and I felt brighter and more cheerful. I continued taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until I was completely cured, and I have never had the least return of Indigestion."

You are trying no experiment when you take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They cannot harm the most delicate system.

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at the nearest dealers; or, if preferred, send direct to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., 48 Holborn Viaduct, London, post free 2s. 9d. a box, or 12s. 9d. for six. A copy of the diet book, "What to Eat and How to Eat," will be sent to you free by the Book Dept., 48 Holborn Viaduct, London.—(Adv't.)

ULSTER "CHARTER."

Formal Terms of Government's Offer Issued in White Paper.

Are you in favour of the exclusion of the county from the Government of Ireland Act, 1914, for a period of six years?

A poll will only be taken in a county if a requisition is presented to the Lord Lieutenant signed by a substantial body of electors of the county, say one-tenth.

These questions, on which it is proposed that the counties of Ulster shall be held, are given in Mr. Asquith's promised White-paper, which was issued yesterday.

The essence of the Government proposal, it is explained, is that any county in the province of Ulster is to be excluded from the operation of the Bill for a certain period if, on a poll being taken of the parliamentary electors in the county before the Bill comes into operation, a majority vote in favour of exclusion.

The persons entitled to vote at the poll will be those who are entitled to vote at parliamentary elections.

A poll will only be taken in a county if a requisition is presented to the Lord Lieutenant signed by a substantial body of electors of the county, say one-tenth. It is proposed that the requisition for the poll must be presented within three months after the date of the passing of the Bill, so as to leave ample time for the taking of the poll before the Bill comes into operation.

The poll will be taken by ballot in the same manner, as far as possible, as the poll at a parliamentary election; and the parliamentary election machinery (including the Corrupt Practices Acts) will be adapted for the purpose.

If on the poll a majority in any county vote in favour of exclusion, the county will become automatically excluded from the operation of Home Rule for a period of six years.

The period of years will date, not from the time of the poll, but from the day of the first meeting of the Irish Parliament.

It is proposed that the representation in the United Kingdom House of Commons of any excluded county should remain as at present, subject of course to any general measure for the redistribution of seats in that House. Certain financial adjustments will also be requisite.

MAN WHO WOKE UP PARIS PRESS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, March 10.—M. Alfred Edwards, well-known in journalistic and theatrical circles in Paris, died this morning, aged fifty-seven.

Born in Constantinople and educated in France, he was the first to introduce modern reporting methods on the Paris Press. With the support of a group of American financiers he founded the *Matin* in 1883. Falling out later with his backers, he started a rival paper on his own account.

He was married three times, his first wife being Mlle. Jeanne Charcot, sister of the Arctic explorer. After his second divorce he married Mlle. Lantelme, the beautiful Parisian actress, who was drowned during a cruise on the Rhine in M. Edwards' yacht, in July, 1911.

In December, 1911, her grave in the cemetery of Pere-Lachaise, was desecrated by thieves, who stole jewels valued at more than £16,000 from the coffin.

ONLY FIFTEEN, YET TIRED OF LIFE

"It is perfectly appalling that a girl of your age (fifteen) should have such ideas of taking your life in your hand," said Mr. Paul Taylor at Marylebone yesterday in remanding Lillian Ahlre on a charge of attempting to poison herself.

When the police were called, it was stated, the girl said, "If I am stopped again I will get a revolver and shoot myself."

FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR CHILDREN.

Delicious "California Syrup of Figs" Can't Harm Tender Little Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Every mother realises, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs," that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels, without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish, or when the breath is bad and the stomach disordered, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste-matter, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a healthy, playful child again. When its little system is "stagnant" with cold, when it has sore throat, stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember a good "inside-cleaning" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful to-day saves a child from being ill to-morrow. Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company," and sold by all leading chemists, 1s. 1d. and 1s. 9d.—(Adv't.)

GIRLS! STOP WASHING THE HAIR WITH SOAP

Soap dries your scalp, causes dandruff, then hair falls out.

After washing your hair with soap always apply a little Danderine to the scalp to invigorate the hair and prevent dryness. Better still, use soap as sparingly as possible, and instead have a "Danderine Hair Cleanse." Just moisten a cloth with Danderine and draw it carefully through your hair, taking one strand at a time. This will remove dust, dirt and excessive oil. In a few moments you will be amazed, your hair will not only be clean, but it will be wavy, fluffy and abundant, and possess an incomparable softness and lustre.

Besides cleansing and beautifying the hair, one application of Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff, stimulates the scalp, stopping itching and falling hair. Danderine is to the hair what rain showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful.

Men! Ladies! You can have lots of charming hair. Get a 1s. 1d. bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any Chemist and try it.—(Adv't.)

Purity!

One of the many reasons for the popularity and success of

Cakeoma

—the perfect preparation for making Cakes and Puddings—
—is its absolute purity.

IT is prepared from only the finest quality materials, manufactured under ideal conditions by specially devised machinery. From the beginning right through the process to the finished air-tight packet, it is not once touched by hand. The most wholesome, and the most economical.



Cakeoma is sold by all Grocers and Stores at 3d. per packet of about 1-lb.

Recipes are enclosed in each bag—a book containing many additional ones is obtainable gratis on asking, free on receipt of postcard return.

Latham & Co. Ltd., Liverpool.

G. & B. Ltd.

WHY ? YOU SHOULD WEAR IMPERIAL "CYGNIA" CORSETS

REGD.

BECAUSE they are BRITISH AND BEST.
BECAUSE they are the FINEST VALUE
OBTAINABLE.
BECAUSE they possess LASTING
SHAPELINESS.

We are making a wonderful display of the latest free-figure easy hip EASTERN CONTOUR MODELS in our Island Window from March 11th to 25th, and during this period the services of a skilled Anatomist are entirely at your disposal—let her aid you in the choice of the correct model for YOU.



Price 7/6 Per Pair.

Model 900.—A dainty design in Fine White Batiste, extremely low in bust, and exceptionally well cut below waist; suitable for all slight and medium figures. This model is bound with Rich Satin at top, and has six reliable Hose Supporters attached.

Price 12/11 Per Pair.

Model 1009.—New Venus-Fitting Model, allowing perfect freedom to the figure, the most stylish model ever offered at the price. In Fine White Coutil, trimmed dainty lace, and completed with four Hose Supporters; very low in bust and exceptionally long Skirt.

Price 5/11 Per Pair.

Model 1014.—Model of extreme grace for all average figures; low in bust, and with very long skirt. In fine White or French Grey Coutil, trimmed Swiss Embroidery, fitted four Hose Supporters.

Carriage paid to all parts of the United Kingdom.

D. H. EVANS & CO., Ltd.,
290 to 322, OXFORD STREET,
LONDON, W.

Telephone:
6240 Mayfair.Telegrams:
"Evanthes," London.

A Child's best Friend

is its mother. The best friend of mother and child is SCOTT'S Emulsion. This pure food-medicine will strengthen and build up any weakly child; will enrich the blood and aid bone, nerve and tissue development. At the same time, it will provide natural protection against all throat and chest troubles. Half the anxieties of motherhood can be avoided by strengthening the children with a course of SCOTT'S.

"My little girl did not start to walk till she was 18 months old, because bronchitis pulled her down so much that her legs were like a piece of soft flabby skin. After taking two bottles of SCOTT'S Emulsion she was able to walk all right, and was firm and strong on her legs. She is now two years and eight months, and has never had another day's illness since. SCOTT'S Emulsion saved my child's life." (Signed) Mrs. Stroud, 95 St. Paul's Rd., Camden Square, N.W. 3/7/13.

TRADE
MARK
on every
Package.

SCOTT'S Emulsion aids the formation of strong, white teeth, and gives strength to overcome the evil results of bronchitis, coughs, measles, whooping cough and serious illnesses.

SCOTT'S Emulsion

You can easily buy cheaper emulsions than SCOTT'S, or you can purchase inferior cod liver oil, but these cannot be expected to give satisfactory results. SCOTT'S Emulsion is the original and best emulsion and the only one that is made by the unique SCOTT process which guarantees purity, quality and digestibility. Therefore, insist on SCOTT'S—the kind that doctors recommend—and refuse any that does not bear the SCOTT trade mark.

185

DON'T FAIL TO VISIT GAMAGES GREAT SPRING-CLEANING EXHIBITION

MARCH 9th to 21st INCLUSIVE,
IN THE
GAMAGE LARGE HALL.

ALL THE LATEST LABOUR-SAVING AND CLEANING
DEVICES, INCLUDING THE CELEBRATED

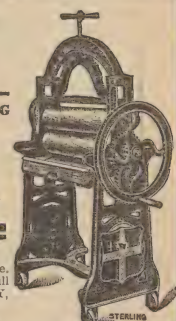
STERLING MANGLES.

STRONGEST MADE.

YOU BUY HAPPY easy washing days when you buy a Sterling Mangle. London made, with hard Maple Rollers. Guaranteed throughout. A full display of Sterling productions will be on view, including the STOWAWAY, MAGIC TABLE, TWENIE, etc.

ADMISSION FREE. KARL KAP'S VIENNESE
ORCHESTRA DAILY.

If unable to call, write for Special Booklet—Post Free.



The
HOLBORN
ROLLERS 37/9
20 x 54

A. W. GAMAGE, LTD., HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.



AFTERNOON TEA

The Cup that Cheers.

A perfect example of the "Cup that Cheers" is to be obtained by using the choice blends of Lipton's Tea—unequalled for aroma and flavour.

Blended to suit the water of the various districts of the United Kingdom.

Blended scientifically and weighed and packed by the most up-to-date machinery under conditions of absolute cleanliness.

DRINK and ENJOY
**LIPTON'S
TEA**

The Finest the World
can produce **1/9**

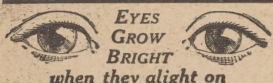
Delicious leading blends,
1/6 and 1/4

SAVE THE WRAPPER

Branches & Agencies Everywhere
Please send a Post Card for the Name of
nearest Branch or Agency.

LIPTON Ltd.,

Tea Growers, Chief Offices:
**CEYLON. CITY ROAD,
LONDON.**



**'Golden Shred'
Marmalade.**

The purest, clearest and brightest Orange Preserve, made under the most hygienic conditions, in the best appointed Factories in the Kingdom.
ROBERTSON—ONLY MAKER.

THIS MORNING'S NEWS ITEMS.

Happier Pedestrians.

A by-law requiring slow traffic to keep to the kerb was adopted by the London County Council last night.

Marconi Committee's Meeting.

The Select Committee of the House of Lords on the charges against Lord Murray of Elibank will meet on Friday next at eleven o'clock.

Torpedo-Boat Damaged.

In collision with the passenger steamer Princess Margaret, torpedo-boat 110 received damage to her bows in Portsmouth Harbour yesterday.

Salad Preferred to Baby.

Because he had no salad for dinner, stated a wife in the Divorce Court yesterday, her husband threatened to kill her if she neglected him for the baby.

Police as Censors.

The London County Council were informed yesterday that no advertisements could be placed on the tramway-cars without the approval of the police.

Mother's Life for Child.

In face of a runaway horse, by which she was killed, Martha Smith, it was stated at an inquest at Coseley, Wolverhampton, yesterday, stayed by her child's perambulator, the child being saved.

Cards and Change of Name.

Use of the term "workhouse" shall be abandoned, the Liverpool Select Vestry decided yesterday, in favour of the word "institution," and inmates be permitted to play cards.

Tidal Wave Causes Sixteen Deaths.

A violent cyclone, states a Reuter message, raged over the north-eastern part of Madagascar on March 2, and a tidal wave swept over the northern coast. Sixteen natives were drowned in the floods.

Medals for Volturino Rescuers.

The King, it was announced last night, has awarded the Silver Medal for gallantry in saving life at sea to 228 of the officers and men of the eleven ships who rescued the passengers and crew of the steamship Volturino, abandoned on fire in the North Atlantic.

MARRIAGE OF MISS HENNIKER HEATON.



Miss Rose Henniker Heaton and Major Adrian Porter, who were married in London yesterday, and two of the little children who attended the bride. Mrs. Porter is the daughter of Sir John Henniker Heaton, Bart., the famous postal reformer, who was for many years M.P. for Canterbury.

FORGOT 174 PEARLS!

Search for Owner of Necklace Found in Omnibus Ten Years Ago.

People who leave valuable pearl necklaces on the tops of omnibuses and forget to claim them are apparently to be found in London.

Scotland Yard are trying very hard to find an owner for a handsome necklace which they have in their possession. It consists of—

174 pearls in two rows and a diamond clasp.

How the jewellery was found is a romantic story. A woman was arrested recently in South London in connection with this necklace, and, after being remanded, was discharged.

She explained that she found the pearls on the top of an omnibus between Highgate and Victoria ten years ago.

The necklace was offered recently to a Peckham pawnbroker, who, learning that the woman had found it, handed it to the police.

Any person who lost a pearl necklace ten years ago should apply to the Criminal Record Office, New Scotland Yard.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

9, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.

Ulster was the main influence in the Stock Exchange yesterday. Opening 1-16 higher at 74-16, Consols were actively bid for and rose steadily to 74-13-8. From this there was a slight reaction, but on balance they still showed a gain of 3 at 74.

Markets as a whole were stimulated by the strength of Consols; it was, in fact, the most cheerful day for some time past. South-Eastern Deferred, with a rise of over a point to 63, led a general rally among Home Rails, and American and Canadian Rails were well supported. Even Brazilian bonds were firmer after their recent weakness.

Among newspaper prices Amalgamated Ordinary and Preference were again quoted at 53 and 22s. respectively, while Associated Newspaper Ordinary remained at 24s. 3d. The Preference, however, rose 6d. to 22s. Pictorial Newspaper Ordinary were firm at 23s. and the Preference rallied to 19s.

HOUSEWIVES TO STRIKE.

There is shortly to be a strike of housewives—for women are going to agitate and organise against the ever-increasing cost of food.

Miss Margaretta Hicks, of the National Women's Council, told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that the increase in the price of coal had made everything dearer. Schemes were in progress, she said, for the organisation of housewives.

Agents are to be appointed, and the women who join in the scheme will choose in each district the shops with which they are to deal.

ELAINE—HER STORY.

Heroine of Real Life, Whose Fortunes Are Followed Daily by Thousands.

It is exactly a week ago to-day since the dramatic new serial, "The Story of a Woman's Heart," one of the most intimate stories ever written, began in *The Daily Mirror*.

In one week it has obtained more readers than any other serial that has ever been published in a newspaper. There are very few homes in the British Isles where this vivid human story of Elaine Cassilis is not being read.

On March 4 the story began, but to-day is not too late to begin this thrilling serial. If the synopsis of the preceding chapters is not sufficient, back numbers of *The Daily Mirror* can be obtained.

Letters of all sorts from readers of the story, who criticise and praise, are arriving by every post. Here is a brief selection:

I picked up your week-long paper yesterday morning and saw the announcements of "The Story of a Woman's Heart." I never have read serial tales, but I was advised by a friend to read this one, and I at once found that I had never read such a story. It becomes even more thrilling when we think that it is no fairy tale, but just facts from life.

I am now so absorbed in this story that it is my first thought to see *The Daily Mirror* and continue "The Story of a Woman's Heart," which has so engrossed me. Baywater.

I am very much interested in the new serial in *The Daily Mirror*, and cannot help feeling it is only too true and must "touch home" to some of its readers. I wonder if I am wrong in assuming that a woman who knowingly and persistently comes between husband and wife is very wicked, and lost to all sense of conscience and principle? This is certainly my opinion.

I am sorry to see I know of such a case as the one in the story, where a woman will not leave a man alone, although she knows she has been the cause of terrible and violent quarrels between him and his wife. In spite of this she still persists that there is "no harm" in the attachment, and that to meet regularly and clandestinely, or correspond with someone else's husband is quite justifiable if the affair be merely platonic.

Are my views extremely narrow-minded and out-of-date in maintaining that she has no decency or honour? Shepherd's Bush. UNMARRIED.

Although I am not in the habit of reading serials, I am deeply interested in "The Story of a Woman's Heart," now appearing daily in your paper.

I cannot understand, however, how Elaine could be satisfied with the lame explanation given her by Robert of his strange and heartless behaviour to her. His account of his intrigue with Miss Fabron cannot have been very reassuring, and would not justify Elaine in placing much confidence in him for the future.

The fact that Robert suppressed all mention of this liaison made him unworthy of Elaine's pathetic devotion, and the consciousness of this unworthiness would have filled him with remorse if he had had any strong sense of honour.

To forgive and forget, and to "let bygones be bygones" are good maxims for the indulgence of Christian charity, but in marriage they are apt to be applied in a one-sided direction. Surely some better foundation is wanted for an edifice of which mutual trust should be the keystone!

A. C. B.

To those who have not yet begun to read "The Story of a Woman's Heart," we can only say, "Read it."

The Ideal Fruit Laxative

Ficolax

is the genuine and original Fruit Laxative.

FICOLAX has revolutionized the lives of hundreds of victims to Constipation. Many who through habitual Constipation have thought life not worth living now say "Life is good." What Ficolax has done for these people, Ficolax will do for you.

Large Bottle 1s. 1½d., Family Size 2s. 9d. Of Chemists everywhere. Refuse spurious substitutes, which are now being offered as Fruit Laxatives.

The Ficolax Co., 30, Graham-street, London, N.

NATIONAL HUNT MEETING OPENS TO-DAY.

Splendid Racing Promised at Cheltenham.
—Leicester Favourites Fail.

DEATH OF MR. E. DRESDEN.

The National Hunt Meeting, second in importance only to the Grand National gathering, opens to-day at Cheltenham, and some brilliant sport is assured. In the morning the prize money of £12,715 and there are challenge cups to the value of £225.

As usual, the National Hunt Steeplechase will attract a huge field, the horses and there is sure to be the customary chapter of mishaps. Captain Paynter will ride his recently-purchased Castleton Lad, and this horse may prove the chief danger to Silver Top, who has been especially trained for the race.

Several Grand National horses may be seen in the Grand Annual Steeplechase, but the big Aintree trial is reserved for the second day, when Ballyhack is to be the customary chapter of mishaps.

Sunshine and snow alternated at Leicester yesterday, when there was a much bigger crowd present than on the opening day. The results, however, were by no means so satisfactory from a point of view as the previous day, and the only favourite to score during the afternoon.

Duke of Lancaster, second on the opening day to Restoration, was expected to make amends by taking the Reynold Hurdle. During the race, however, Lady Emma Gordon's horse fell, and the upset was that Royal Demand beat another 10 to 1 outsider in Bright Park by three-quarters of a length.

Neither Predominant nor Another Bird made any show in the Pelicate Hurdle. The last-named refused at the first hurdle, and Predominant finished last of the four to complete the course, well beaten by Mercury, Leeson Park and Blackberry.

At the National Hunt Steeplechase, the favourite, Castleton Lad, was again in danger, but he was well supported by the Duke of Lancaster, and he was well supported by the Duke of Lancaster, and he was well supported by the Duke of Lancaster.

Mr. Ernest Dresden, a popular racehorse owner, died last night at the Riviera, where he was staying, of the result of a fall from his horse.

During his career on the turf Mr. Dresden won many races, and last season he owned quite a number of useful animals, such as Florist, Wagstaff, Last Stand, Arthur B. and Star, whose names were entered in the National Hunt of £2,715, the principal contributor being the first-named, who won four races, including the Duke of York Stakes.

The number of nominations that became valid on account of Mr. Dresden's death is very great, including Chateaufort for the Derby, Florist for the Coronation Cup, Chateaufort and Galante for the Oaks, Florist for the Ascot Gold Cup, Florist for the Epsom Derby, Chateaufort for the Handicap, and Last Stand for the Great Metropolitan Stakes.

SELECTIONS FOR CHELTENHAM.

1.15-BEDROOVE. 3.30-ILSTON.
1.45-ST. BRUNO. 4.0-SCARLET BUTTON.
2.45-SILVER TOP. 4.30-SCARLET BUTTON.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.
BEDROOVE AND SCARLET BUTTON. BOUVIERIE.

CHELTENHAM PROGRAMME.

1.15-SOUTHAM S. CHASE, 200 sows; 2m. 100yds.

1.35-McCarthy a 11 11 Bruton a 11 11

1.55-The Russian a 11 11 a 11 11

2.15-Doubtful Boy a 11 11 a 11 11

2.35-Grace a 11 11 a 11 11

2.55-Uncle Michael a 11 11 a 11 11

3.15-Le Vis a 11 11 a 11 11

3.35-Pleasant Garden a 11 11 a 11 11

3.55-STAYERS' CHASE, 200 sows; 2m.

4.15-Alfons a 11 11 a 11 11

4.35-Kilroe a 11 11 a 11 11

4.55-Spectral a 11 11 a 11 11

5.15-Dynalor a 11 11 a 11 11

5.35-Royal O'Neill a 11 11 a 11 11

5.55-Pala a 11 11 a 11 11

6.15-Swing a 11 11 a 11 11

6.35-Ward Union a 11 11 a 11 11

6.55-The Ghost III a 11 11 a 11 11

7.15-Bunch of Keys a 11 11 a 11 11

7.35-Responsible a 11 11 a 11 11

8.05-Katha a 11 11 a 11 11

8.25-NATIONAL HUNT CHASE, 1175 sows; 4m.

8.45-Flip Flap a 11 11 a 11 11

9.05-Heatherbreaze a 11 11 a 11 11

9.25-Portcullis II a 11 11 a 11 11

9.45-Silky a 11 11 a 11 11

10.05-Schill Zee a 11 11 a 11 11

10.25-Vander VII a 11 11 a 11 11

10.45-Silver Top a 11 11 a 11 11

11.05-John Morgan a 11 11 a 11 11

11.25-Eden Mystery a 11 11 a 11 11

11.45-Union Jack II a 11 11 a 11 11

12.05-Brackenston a 11 11 a 11 11

12.25-Alice Peck a 11 11 a 11 11

12.45-Sweet Rathgarn a 11 11 a 11 11

13.05-Polyantha a 11 11 a 11 11

13.25-Melon a 11 11 a 11 11

13.45-Castlevine Lod. a 11 11 a 11 11

14.05-Admiral a 11 11 a 11 11

14.25-Josephine II a 11 11 a 11 11

14.45-Lady Hester a 11 11 a 11 11

15.05-Lady Hester a 11 11 a 11 11

15.25-Rupert a 11 11 a 11 11

15.45-CHELTENHAM GRAND ANNUAL CHASE

(b'cap. 500 sows; 2m. 100yds.)

16.05-Cooldeen a 11 11 a 11 11

16.25-Allison a 11 11 a 11 11

16.45-Sin a Beg a 11 11 a 11 11

17.05-Piccadilly II a 11 11 a 11 11

17.25-Periwinkle II a 11 11 a 11 11

17.45-The Last a 11 11 a 11 11

18.05-A Mask Off a 11 11 a 11 11

18.25-Meloclede Hunter a 11 11 a 11 11

18.45-Tenbury a 11 11 a 11 11

19.05-NATIONAL HUNT CHASE, 500 sows; 2m.

19.25-Real Girl a 11 11 a 11 11

19.45-Pinkie a 11 11 a 11 11

20.05-Cashmere a 11 11 a 11 11

20.25-Prince Francis a 11 11 a 11 11

20.45-Cashmere a 11 11 a 11 11

21.05-Huntingtower a 11 11 a 11 11

21.25-Apopia a 11 11 a 11 11

21.45-Redmond a 11 11 a 11 11

22.05-Kiss Away a 11 11 a 11 11

22.25-The Hole a 11 11 a 11 11

22.45-Monreith a 11 11 a 11 11

23.05-Androsia a 11 11 a 11 11

23.25-COTSWOLD NATIONAL HUNT FLAT RACE, 200 yds.

23.45-Ebonette a 11 11 a 11 11

24.05-Asuncion a 11 11 a 11 11

24.25-Buttery Bay a 11 11 a 11 11

24.45-Darby a 11 11 a 11 11

25.05-Hobnob a 11 11 a 11 11

25.25-Archery a 11 11 a 11 11

25.45-Bantam IV a 11 11 a 11 11

26.05-Scotter Button a 11 11 a 11 11

26.25-Aldrin Heston a 11 11 a 11 11

26.45-Astor a 11 11 a 11 11

M.C.C.'s TOUR ENDED.

Englishmen Wind Up a Successful Trip with a Drawn Game.

The M.C.C. brought their tour to a close yesterday with a drawn game against Western Province. Of the twenty-two matches played only one ended in defeat—that against Natal at Durban on February 7 and succeeding days. The whole team has performed creditably, and the tour has been a bigger success than the English point of view of any of its predecessors.

For the first time England have won the rubber in South Africa. The five Test matches played for the Ashes, the other draws, J. W. H. T. Douglas, who accepted the captaincy after others had refused, set his colleagues a good example, and the manner in which he has played and managed the team could not have been excelled.

Last summer the Essex amateur team had a bad time, and there were critics and others who said it was the wrong policy to send him out in charge. But his displays have silenced them, and in turn, these critics are singing the praises of the English captain.

Barrie too, has had a good time, and with the exception of H. W. Taylor, not one of the Colonial batsmen has played the Staffordshire bowler with any confidence. Doubtless, he was expected to add to his reputation, and in that mission he has failed.

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'VARSITY GOLF.

Some Aspects of a Remarkable Performance by Cambridge.

When you come to think of it, there is something truly wonderful in the circumstance that a University team should be able to beat so powerful a club as Sunningdale, on the Sunningdale course, by seven games to one, as Cambridge did.

Except at Winchester and Rosall, and in a few other places, golf is not a regular and recognized feature of the games curriculum at any public school in England. Yet the standard of play at Oxford and Cambridge is so high that a man has to be rated at something very near scratch when he goes into residence in order to stand a reasonable chance of being chosen to take part in the inter-varsity competition.

Golf is not a game at which people often develop good form at a rapid pace; unless the freshman's handicap is 5 or 4, there is not much prospect of his improving sufficiently to secure his stay at Oxford or Cambridge to secure a place in the side. Indeed, during the last ten or fifteen years, one can recall only one individual who has completed himself, while in residence, from practically a beginner, into a valuable member of a team.

J. L. Humphries was rated at about 18 when he entered Oxford, and before he left he was unmistakably the strongest player in the club and one of the finest golfers who ever appeared at the top of the Oxford side. But he was an exception, and at that time it is commonly held from Sunningdale this season to take part in the amateur championship, and his doings will be watched with considerable interest.

R. P. Humphries, who has been prominent in the Midlands during the season, is perhaps the best amateur 'Varsity player of recent years. At any rate, this term he has beaten George Barran at Clarendon, and H. H. Taylor at Sunningdale. To have gained such a series of successes on the home ground is a rare feat.

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AIRMAN who is making his own artificial leg: Picture.

ACTRESS SWIMMERS FROM DALY'S.



A number of girls appearing in "The Marriage Market" at Daly's Theatre are keen sportswomen, and are expert swimmers and divers. They frequently enjoy a dip, though it is winter, and the picture shows a happy group on the springboard of the St. George's Baths, Victoria.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)

"KISMET" REVIVED LAST NIGHT.



"Kismet," the play which achieved so great a success after being refused by several managers, was revived at the Globe Theatre last night. The large photograph shows Miss Lily Brayton as Marsina and Mr. Fred Warlock as Caliph Abdulla. In the circle is Mr. Oscar Asche, who plays Hadj.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

*I tried to destroy
Chloe, destroyed the picture of the most
beautiful woman in my theological history
as a protest against the Government
for destroying Mrs Pankhurst who is
the most beautiful character in modern
history. Mary Richardson*

The extraordinary apologia of the picture-destroying suffragette.

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MISS EDITH CRAIG, the daughter of Miss Ellen Terry says: "It is the strongest and most dramatic story you have ever published. It isn't a bit like the usual serial; if I may say so, it reverts a little to the old-fashioned type—in that it is so simply and straightforwardly told."

"It should make a strong appeal to a very large number of women, and I can only say again that it is the most dramatic story you have ever had."

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